THE LIVING AGE

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for July, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

KARL RADEK'S analysis of the recent League session at Geneva is remarkable for several reasons. As a characteristically brutal piece of Communist reasoning, it emphasizes certain important facts, notably the complete dominance of France in modern Europe. Also it possesses special interest for Americans since Russia, like the United States, does not belong to the League and therefore discusses its problems with a certain frankness. And, finally, coming as it does from the foremost pamphleteer in Russia, it represents an official statement of his country's attitude on world affairs.

AS HEAD of his own publishing firm, which bears his own name, Sir Ernest J. P. Benn has the reputation of being one of the most sensible and successful business men in England. He is also the author of several popular economic studies: *Prosperity and Politics*, *The Confessions of a Capitalist*, *If I Were a Labor Leader*, and *Letters of an Individualist*. His present article makes the point that England has undergone in the last thirty years the greatest economic transformation in her history. There is no sense in asking when 'The Revolution' is going to happen. It is going on right now.

THE world depression and the absurd attempts to establish a connection between it and the 'Red Trade Menace' have distracted attention from various significant changes now occurring in Russia. Since the Five-Year Plan is primarily designed to equip Russia with a big enough plant to supply her own needs, its gradual fulfillment is making Russia look a little more like a capitalist nation than she has in the past. Thus we find Sven von Müller, a widely traveled correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, calling attention to the 'third emigration' of Russians, consisting of disillusioned Communists. Actually, there is small reason to believe that this outlaw organization with headquarters on foreign soil will be able to overthrow Stalin, but its existence is likely to persuade the Communists to make more concessions. In fact, they are already doing so. Nikolaus Basseches, an engineer who has lived in Russia for eleven years, reports that the Moscow Government has put through what amounts to a reactionary revolution in the villages by allowing special favors to peasants with some property of their own.

FIRST in London and then in New York, the precarious condition of Australian finances has caused considerable concern, and there has been more or less talk of repudiation. A German correspondent living in Sydney describes in detail the causes of a crisis that has overtaken a nation of six million people who occupy a territory as large as the United States yet are now unable to find sufficient work. One's first impulse is to condemn the Australians of monumental folly, but it should be remembered that the British have never permitted the country to be settled as freely as the United States was. Also, the richest nation in the world, with eight million of its own citizens unemployed, is hardly in a position to criticise the economic shortcomings of its neighbors.

SEVERAL of the items in our 'Persons and Personages' department call for special comment. The mammoth and mysterious figure of Spengler is partially unveiled by the learned correspondent of a Munich newspaper who summarizes a recent and characteristically gloomy out-

(*Continued on page 517*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

July, 1931 *Volume 340, Number 4378*

The World Over

NO CONSISTENT READER of THE LIVING AGE should be surprised to find this department echoing a warning that has often been preached in the body of the magazine by contributors from abroad with reputations for authority and moderation. In April, for instance, Count Wladimir d'Ormesson urged an immediate scaling down of debts and reparations, nor is he the only foreign observer to have emphasized the necessity for acting at once. The danger, which is often only hinted at in the vaguest terms, is really quite specific. It is that a revolution will break out soon in Germany. Such an uprising, whether it is accomplished by the National Socialists or by the Communists, will mean, in addition to considerable violence, a suspension of all reparations payments and, quite probably, a moratorium on all financial obligations to other countries, possibly, even, outright repudiation. The effect of this stoppage on the structure of world credit would be a series of banking and business failures far more extensive than those that have already occurred. And, last but not least, the installation of a successful revolutionary government in Berlin might easily lead other nations to attempt the same experiment.

That peculiar psychology which Bernard Shaw refers to in our 'Letters and the Arts' department as 'time lag' has already prevented many commentators on foreign topics from discussing war-debt revision as if it were an immediate issue. In like manner few writers have ven-

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tured to peep ahead and consider the actual prospect of a German collapse. Yet the present condition of Germany is clear for all to see. The mass of the population is so eager for an instant change of foreign policy that even the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the leading organ of Curtius's own party, turned on him during the last League session and demanded that Germany resign from the League 'rather than tolerate a comedy that is putting the patience of the Germans to too severe a test.' The successes of Hitler, which were temporarily checked by party dissensions, are continuing. Dr. Goebbels, the leading National Socialist orator, addresses five large meetings a week and every speech is broadcast to an audience estimated at 500,000. Every evening there are from three to four thousand crowded political meetings held in all parts of Germany. William Martin, the temperate foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, sees no way out but an agreement between Hitler and Brüning:—

> Brüning has the choice between a dictatorship and an agreement with the Nazis. Hitler has the choice between legality and revolution. Everything, but chiefly their temperaments, is leading these two men to come together. Perhaps, after all, an agreement between them would do the world less harm than the danger of a dictatorship, revolution, or Communism, all three of which are inseparable from each other.

M. Martin's alarm is partly occasioned by the fact that the Diet of the Free State of Oldenburg has held elections which have given the National Socialist Party more votes than any other group and nearly twice as many as its nearest rival, the Social Democrats. Furthermore, this is the first time that the supporters of Hitler have been returned as the largest group in a German state parliament. With Secretaries Stimson and Mellon heading for Europe this summer and with Ramsay MacDonald promising to pay Brüning and Curtius a return visit, the present régime should be able to survive the next few months. But if the other nations do not make some substantial concessions it is difficult to see how the present order in Germany can survive another winter.

ONE ALTERNATIVE to revolution in Germany does exist. That is war in Europe. The last League session opened in an atmosphere of great uneasiness and succeeded only in postponing its three chief issues of the hour. The Austro-German customs union was handed over to the World Court; consideration of the complaints of the Ukrainian minority in Poland against the outrages committed a year ago was put off until September; and the Polish Government's report on Upper Silesia was also postponed until September, after its sponsors had unsuccessfully attempted to have it adopted at the eleventh hour in the hope that the

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Germans would thus be prevented from answering it in detail. The French were wholly pleased with the turn of affairs, and the semiofficial *Temps* commented as follows:—

> The League of Nations as it now exists, even with its imperfect organization and insufficient means of action, has given new proof of its utility and effectiveness. We may well wonder what would have happened in the face of the dangerous Austro-German enterprise if the League of Nations had not existed, and if it had not been able to intervene. Would the methods of ordinary diplomacy have been able to dispel all danger of conflict? Recent experience proves that the procedure at Geneva has much that is excellent about it and that the League of Nations can contribute effectively to regulating international quarrels and favor the organization of lasting peace. But we must insist on this point, for too often people express doubts on the subject, and the international institution at Geneva is too often looked upon with unjustified skepticism. To strengthen the League of Nations, to develop its influence in every domain of international life, is, in the present state of the world, the surest way of serving the cause of peace.

The *Manchester Guardian's* description of the recent efforts of the League is so different that it is hard to believe that the two papers are discussing the same subject:—

> It would be folly to allow ourselves to believe that the Council has solved any of the serious problems before it, or has reconciled any divergent views, or, in fact, done anything at all except postpone the day of reckoning. Often enough to delay a settlement is to make a settlement, because time gives opportunity for passions to cool, but in face of a worsening situation an interval of time may merely allow flames to get a firmer hold. And the situation in Europe is worsening. The economic depression shows no sign of lifting. In Germany, despite the policy of drastic retrenchment, the financial situation remains as difficult as ever, and the yield of taxation continues to fall.

And J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*, is even more distressed:—

> The insensate feuds in Western Europe are continued as narrowly and blindly as before the world's Armageddon. France and her clients on the questions of armaments, alliances, and treaty revision are pursuing a course that deprives them of British support as definitely as of American. Applied to the Mediterranean, that policy of armed domination antagonizes Italy. Persistence in the same policy would compel Germany to join hands at any cost with Russia. All this means that the other camp now beginning to appear in Europe would become stronger than the French combination.

The only trouble with Mr. Garvin is that he has been writing in this vein every week for the past twelve years so that his warnings have lost most of their effectiveness at the very moment when they have really begun to apply. We therefore attach rather more importance to this moderate yet disturbing passage from the *Statist:*—

> We may well ask where Great Britain stands in relation to these plans for the economic reorganization of Europe. Her position is one of some difficulty. As the

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centre of a world Empire, Great Britain cannot become a member of an exclusively European economic alliance or system. Yet as a European power, dependent upon European markets, we cannot afford to cut ourselves off from the economic reorganization of the Continent. That section of our popular press which has recently turned its crusading fervor against the League of Nations is suggesting the most destructive step that we could take to-day, from the point of view both of Europe and of ourselves.

The case for coöperation was admirably pleaded in a speech by Mr. Henderson. No constructive step that can be taken to facilitate movements of capital, to control production, and even to extend regional customs unions can yield appreciable and lasting results in an atmosphere that remains poisoned by economic nationalism. The British Government has therefore requested the setting up of a Committee on Procedure which will examine the several proposals for economic coöperation placed before the European Commission and which, it is hoped, will be able to lay a practical plan before the Assembly of the League in September. Mr. Henderson's speech gained in impressiveness by reason of the fact that it followed a significant address by M. Litvinov, the Soviet representative, who made it plain that capitalism faces a competing system to-day. This fact alone renders the depression through which the world is passing an event of far greater moment than any depression in its economic history.

THANKS PARTLY to the great American slump, British industries are beginning to progress more rapidly than they have at any time since the War. The visit of the Prince of Wales to South America and his subsequent speeches to British business men, urging them to adopt American advertising methods, have begun to bear fruit, and the American automobile business is already losing out to its British competitors. The *Morning Post* points out that in 1930 there were 9,750 foreign automobiles imported to England, 6,900 of them being American. During the first three months of that year 2,450 foreign cars came into the country, whereas in the corresponding three months of 1931 only 202 entered. 'That,' as the *Morning Post* explains, 'is America's tale of woe.' Nor is the tale confined to British soil. The *Post* continues:—

For example, in 1928 American car sales were 75 per cent greater than British in Ceylon; in 1929 these were down to 33⅓ per cent larger, but in 1930 American sales in this market exceeded British sales by only 7 per cent. This general falling down of business is found in most of the Dominion markets. America sold 12,000 cars to England in 1927, and again in 1928. It is doubtful whether she will sell 2,000 to this country in 1931.

A Buenos Aires correspondent of the London *Times* reports a similar swing to British goods in the Argentine. Orders for British motor trucks and omnibuses are definitely increasing, and the prospects for passenger cars and airplanes are excellent. The Prince of Wales did a good job.

But one of the most significant illustrations we have seen of the recent attempt to combine business and patriotism in England appeared

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in an advertisement of Farrow's tomato ketchup, a humble enough product in all conscience, yet one that should arouse the finest emotions, to judge from this bit of inspirational prose:—

> Look at the metal cap on it. It is made of soft British steel, a ton of which takes four tons of coal to make. If you are a miner's wife you will know what the cutting of four tons of coal means in work and wages. Women of the North of England and South Wales please note. The label on the bottle and inks on the label are made in Britain. The gorgeous Tomatoes from which the Ketchup is made are ripened to perfection under a tropical sun and are sweetened with British-grown sugar—seasoned with British-grown onions—piquant with British-made vinegar—flavored with Empire spices—packed in British cases—nailed up with British nails—transported by British-made trucks and locomotives.

A new spirit is abroad in Shakespeare's England.

THE PRONOUNCEMENT of Pope Pius XI that you cannot be a good Catholic and a true Socialist caused the British Labor Party a few moments of anxiety. But the dialectic of a Jesuit saved the day after the dialectic of Karl Marx had failed. A certain Father Woodlock, S.J., issued a statement that everything depended on the definition of the word 'true.' He pointed out that there are true and false kinds of Socialism and that 'true' Socialism is the horrid, materialistic, European kind. It was this, and not the Socialism of the British Labor Party, that the Pope had denounced. 'I feel sure,' Father Woodlock said, 'that Pope Pius XI would not regard Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden as "true" Socialists in their party programme.' Since the Russian Communists have always abused the British Laborites as traitors to the working class, it is evident that the Kremlin and the Vatican have at last found one subject on which they can agree.

ACCORDING to the *Weltbühne*, a radically inclined Berlin weekly, Foreign Ministers Curtius and Schober were directly responsible for the election of Paul Doumer as President of France because their ill-timed announcement of the Austro-German customs union frightened all the parties of the right in France into combining against Briand. It remains to be seen how serious the success of the 'man of war' and the defeat of the 'man of peace' will be, but even the conservative London *Times* speaks with some alarm:—

> However much M. Doumer may be guiltless of warlike designs—and he can be acquitted unreservedly—he has the support of men whose nationalism is more narrow than his own, and he himself is not experienced in foreign affairs. He is not likely—particularly at his advanced age—to exercise over them the controlling influence that M. Briand would have exercised. M. Briand, if he had become

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president, would have possessed a far more complete knowledge of foreign problems than any of the ministers who would have been likely to serve under him, and his powers of persuasion, his tact, his preference for the spoken rather than for the written word were just those attributes that might have given him, as the chairman of ministerial councils for the next seven years, continuous influence over the policy of France. These widely held expectations are not now to be realized, and almost inevitably his prestige and influence in his own country will be lessened.

The *Manchester Guardian* describes M. Doumer's election as 'a serious matter for Europe' but does not feel that the foreign policy of France will necessarily undergo any important change. The *Journal des Débats* of Paris, which supported M. Doumer's candidacy, offered this explanation of his success:—

France, which most foreigners know only in its amusing, frivolous aspects, is a middle-class country with a liking for propriety, hard work, and conventionality. In speech it is fond of sarcasm, but it also likes to have serious things treated seriously. M. Paul Doumer is a man of modest beginnings, a laborious student who raised himself little by little through persevering, honest efforts. It is this that really pleases our country. It is this that inspires confidence in him. It is this that explains why Parliament, having to make a conscientious decision about our future, chose him to be the chief of state.

The *Populaire*, organ of the Socialist Party, baldly refers to Doumer as a 'traitor' because he went back on his youthful radical convictions and accepted the lucrative post of governor general of French Indo-China. But even the Socialists cannot find any evidence of real corruption in the course of his long and distinguished career.

M. BRIAND'S continuation in office as minister of foreign affairs has angered the organs of French opinion that were largely instrumental in assuring his defeat for the Presidency and that expected to see his political career come to an immediate end. Indeed, the tone of their comments gives real reassurance that Briand will go on directing French foreign policy for some time to come. The *Journal des Débats* says:—

All the arguments of Briand's defenders rest on one point. They proclaim that it would be a disastrous event, an unprecedented misfortune, if M. Briand did not go to Geneva this September. We shall simply remark that if the absence of M. Briand would be so grave a thing, he should never have looked forward to, desired, and prepared the way for his departure from the Foreign Office. Nevertheless, this is precisely what he meditated for a long time. When M. Briand presented himself at Versailles it was in order to be elected president. Had he been elected he would have abandoned the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and at that time neither he nor his friends saw anything inconvenient in that. Why do they now?

Here is the way the same paper describes his special kind of policy:—

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> For some years now M. Briand has provided us with various examples of a new kind of régime. He began by executing a personal policy, which is foreign to a democracy. Though he made it seem as if he were associating his policy with those of the various ministries and the two Chambers, he really never let anyone share in his responsibility or take any initiative. He liquidated the War in his own way, and it is a way that most people do not understand at all. But propaganda was made for the purpose of substituting blind enthusiasm for critical reason.

'Pertinax,' writing in the *Echo de Paris*, is even more hostile:—

> Anyone who penetrates to the bottom of things must recognize that M. Briand's oratorical outbursts are designed to conceal the nothingness that lies behind them. There is no such thing as French policy continually directed toward a single end, and our Foreign Minister had no intention of accomplishing the great things he is supposed to have done. Locarno? The initiative was taken by Stresemann and Lord D'Abernon. When M. Briand returned to the Quai d'Orsay in May 1925, he told one of his partisans that he had no desire for any such policy. The Kellogg Pact? M. Briand's original idea was that it should constitute a specific Franco-American bond, but under the pressure of Mr. Kellogg it was transformed into something quite different. The Naval Agreement? The aim of the Quai d'Orsay was to turn England against Italy, and we achieved precisely the opposite result. The European Union? Its only intelligible purpose is to confirm the *status quo*, but ever since the idea was first launched the continent has been in a state of uproar. Service of this kind deserves neither praise, triumph, nor even the slightest ovation.

For better or worse, this is the state of mind that usually carries the day in France at moments of crisis. It is M. Briand's greatest merit that he survives it at all.

JUST AS ANY REVOLUTION in Russia would have to occur within the Communist Party, so any revolution in Italy would have to occur within the Fascist Party, for in both nations the parties in control have driven all rival organizations out of business. But since Italy is a more highly educated and versatile country than Russia, the Fascists are more likely to be embarrassed by heretics within their ranks. The case of Toscanini, for instance, is a conspicuous example of the harm that can be done by a few hot-headed individuals, and it is quite probable that a similar lack of discipline within the Fascist fold accounts for the dispute between Mussolini and the Pope. For there was something inconsistent on the face of it when the anti-Catholic riots of anti-Fascist mobs in Spain were immediately followed by anti-Catholic riots of Fascist mobs in Italy. Fundamentally, both the Pope and Mussolini represent the conservative tradition, but Mussolini as a renegade Socialist has borrowed so extensively from the methods and ideas of his political opponents that his followers often manifest an embarrassing tendency to veer to the left. And in spite of Mussolini's essential conservatism there

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is a pretty profound divergence between Fascist and Catholic ideology which the Lateran Accords only temporarily concealed. In fact, even at the time when the accords were published, a Fascist publication called *Libro et Moschetto*, which circulates chiefly in university circles, made this statement:—

> We believe that the principles of the national society that Fascism is about to create do not coincide with the principles affirmed by Christianity because Fascism surpasses these principles. Italy, which has discovered in Fascism the only ideal that can save the world from anarchy, can coöperate with Catholicism only with a view to taking over its world-wide organization and imposing on the world its own idea of salvation.

Incidentally, the same conservative Paris newspapers that condemned the Spanish Republic are now expressing sympathy for the Vatican in its dispute with the Fascist State.

NO LESS AN AUTHORITY on revolution than Leon Trotski prophesied some years ago that Spain would be the next country in Europe to go Bolshevistic. Even allowing for that unpredictable element in the Spanish character which throws most foreign students off the track, the revolution has followed a course that substantially fulfills Trotski's forecast. For the moment, to be sure, the middle class retains control, just as it did in Russia under Kerenski after the Tsarist Government was overthrown, but the hopeful views expressed by Jean Cassou elsewhere in this issue are probably premature. Strikes and violence continue, the working class is just as dissatisfied as it was under the monarchy, and it should be remembered that the threat of a general strike on the part of the workers was what drove Alfonso out of the country—not the denunciations of intellectuals like Unamuno, Ortega y Gasset, Araquistain, and Pérez de Ayala. The *Daily Telegraph's* Madrid correspondent reports an interview he had with the managing director of a big banking establishment who expressed these opinions:—

> This Government is being run headlong into something very far from the 'Conservative' Republic it had planned. Until last week there was always a hope of a healthy opposition from the old Monarchical elements, which might act as a bulwark against the rising tide of mad intellectuals and Communists. But the violent attacks on the people who had met to plan an electoral campaign, followed by the burning of convents and churches, have taken the wind out of the Monarchists' sails.
>
> Conservative elements of the old school, however willing to support sensible reform under a Republic, now fear to participate in the elections, so that the Government will probably find itself deprived of the help of this valuable section of public opinion, just when it stands in the greatest need of it. Business men are persuaded that the pressure exercised on the ministers by extremists is so

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strong that moderation has become impossible. Instead of waiting for the Cortes the Cabinet is pushing ahead with drastic reforms, such as 'collective renting' of land, which in the opinion of many is worse than dividing it up, and is the beginning of a Soviet régime.

Two important reservations must be made, however, in any attempt to draw a parallel between the Spanish and Russian revolutions. One is that the two nations differ fundamentally in character; the other is that their revolutions occurred under entirely different circumstances. The genius of Spain, with its romantic respect for personal dignity and its powerful anarchistic streak, will at least be able to indulge itself somewhat freely, whereas the genius of Russia was hampered from the start by three years of disastrous war. Here is what a manifesto signed by Gregorio Marañón, José Ortega y Gasset, and Ramón Pérez de Ayala has to say on the subject. It indicates that these distinguished intellectuals have no illusions as to the nature of the movement they originated:—

It is quite safe to say that Spain will not be a bourgeois republic. Spain has not been able to live well, or even get along, in the modern era for the very reason that she has no bourgeoisie, and it is not likely that in these times and under a democracy she will turn by magic into a specifically bourgeois nation. All signs point rather to a nation of workers. The path that she takes to that end will naturally be different from that of other nations, and will be without violence, for our economy is so unstable, due to its small volume, that anything which would reduce our national wealth would be catastrophic and defeat revolutionary purposes. Let students and intellectuals avoid false imitations of what a semi-Asiatic people had to do in a terrible hour of their history. Let them insist on fulfilling the strict destiny of Spain and not a false or borrowed one.

AS THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN goes forward, those who are responsible for its execution naturally encounter some unforeseen difficulties. The Moscow correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* describes the progress of the largest tractor plant in the world, the 'Tractorstroi' in Stalingrad, which is supposed to have an output of 50,000 tractors a year:—

Constructed according to American design and equipped largely with foreign machinery, Tractorstroi was completed ahead of scheduled time and opened for operation amid a flourish of trumpets in June 1930. From that date its troubles began. Its first manager, a good, driving executive when it was a matter of hurrying up the construction work, proved incapable of organizing production and had to be replaced. The ten thousand workers in the factory were mostly raw youths without factory experience, and efforts to install the conveyor system and mass production proved for months a dismal failure. The three thousand machines in the factory sustained six thousand breakages, due to inept and careless handling, during the first nine or ten months of operation.

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> Up to April the plant, which is theoretically capable of producing 50,000 tractors annually and had planned to turn out 37,500 during the first year of operation, had only produced about 3,000, most of them of dubious quality. At this time one of those drives to mobilize public opinion and improve the work of the factory which are so common in Soviet economic practice was launched. The head of the Supreme Economic Council went to Stalingrad and found there, to quote the crisp language of his own report, 'complete absence of accounting; factory buildings filled with waste products and the courtyard piled with filth and damaged products; complete absence of control over the coming to work of the workers; foremen and engineers not at their posts; uncontrolled starting and stopping of conveyors; absence of suitable care for equipment; absence of persons responsible for the correct course of production in individual departments.'

Nikolaus Basseches, writing also from Moscow for the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, describes the military aspects of the Five-Year Plan. Here the danger is that the Communists have done too good a job:—

> The military programme of the Soviet Union is completed. To-day the nation is armed. Its human reserves have been enormously increased. All of Turkestan, all the non-Russians in Siberia, all the Kirghiz and the people of Northern Caucasia, none of whom had to bear arms in pre-revolutionary Russia, now do military service like anybody else. This means an addition of more than fifteen million reserve troops, of whom one and a half to two million should be available as soldiers in case of war. The course of military training has also been extended and every one goes through it, even the women. Every day you can see young people in the side streets of Moscow doing exercises.

But the present leaders of Russia have no desire for war, since they fear that war not only would cost them their own positions but would involve the destruction of much that the Revolution has accomplished. At the moment the danger is that all the military equipment they are accumulating will suddenly explode of its own accord:—

> Cannon have the peculiarity of setting themselves off, and suffering humanity can then only argue which cannon were fired first. The development of the Russian Revolution has awakened great reserves of nationalism among the Russian masses. It is often hard to tell whether the old Russian chauvinism is lurking behind the red trappings of Communist theory or whether red has become the fundamental color of the nation and Soviet patriotism has developed a new kind of chauvinism. If the Bolshevist Government fought and lost a war it would perhaps fall, but only perhaps. On the other hand, a victorious Russia would be much less likely to remain Bolshevistic. The coöperation of a nation of a hundred and sixty-two million people fighting their way to victory would either force the present leaders to abdicate or else would compel them to develop their present international Communistic policies into a nationalist régime.
>
> The primitive nature of the Russian people is making all appeals to war more attractive, especially since each individual now knows how to handle fighting equipment. Furthermore, the Russians are being convinced by propaganda that the rest of the world is against them and that it has but one thought, to demolish their country. The nerve and cleverness of world diplomacy will decide whether the next decisive years will plunge Europe into a new military catastrophe.

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WE REFERRED in our last issue to the disastrous effects of the world depression upon Japan, where the total trade of the country has declined one third. Now comes more testimony indicating that this increase of misery has been accompanied by an increase of radicalism which the Government is trying to suppress with rather too much zeal. A leading editorial in the *Japan Advertiser* says:—

> While no good can be done by exaggerating the degree to which radical thought has penetrated into Japan in recent years, it is impossible to overlook the fact that social unrest is developing to an extent that calls for serious consideration and requires the most careful handling. Whether or not the authorities are tackling the problem in the right way is certainly open to question, and it is not without interest to note that the vernacular press has, of late, been far more open in its criticism of some of the methods employed. While little sympathy is shown toward the principles of the extreme left by the country as a whole, there is an increasing tendency to question the rigorous policy of repression toward students who interest themselves in the study of social science, as it is felt that this policy is apt to do more harm than good. It is also open to question whether the police, too, do not aggravate matters by interfering with public speeches on slight pretexts.

Radicalism is now making most of its converts among the intellectuals and is also penetrating among the women workers of Japan.

JUSTICE RICHARD FEETHAM of South Africa has attempted to do for Shanghai what the Simon Commission did for India. Summoned by the Shanghai Municipal Council as 'an adviser free from previous commitments,' he has spent a year working on a report describing the problem of the International Settlement at Shanghai and recommending a solution. How a man of Justice Feetham's background could be anything but sympathetic to the extraterritoriality rights now enjoyed by foreigners is a little difficult to understand, yet the distress expressed by the Chinese sympathizers indicates that they really expected to receive unbiased treatment. The recently published first volume of the report, devoted to the history of the foreign settlement, is an impressive piece of scholarship, but its tone clearly indicates the nature of the recommendations that are to come. Naturally the local British newspapers are delighted, the *North China Daily News* referring to it as an 'assessment of the contribution made by Shanghai to world progress.' But the *China Critic*, an English-language weekly edited by a group of Chinese Nationalists, attacks the three main assumptions on which the Feetham Report rests. The first is that Shanghai owes its prosperity to the fact that the foreigners have preserved a 'government of law.' The second is that the rest of China has not established that kind of government and

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never will, so that the International Settlement is justified now and for all time. And, thirdly, Justice Feetham claims that free speech does not exist in China outside Shanghai. The *China Critic* arrives at this conclusion:—

> From all this one is driven to the inevitable conclusion that, whatever else he may have done, the Justice has failed completely in what he was asked to do, in that he has not been impartial. Nevertheless, one credit is due to the Justice and that is that his coming has made available to the public many sources of information that were closed before. He has had the unusual opportunity of getting the active assistance of the municipal authorities and has had access to documents and records that no other man could have laid his hands on. For this revelation, the world at large owes him a debt of gratitude.

As in the case of the Simon Report on India, this is obviously a matter on which the native and the foreigner will never be able to see eye to eye.

SEVERAL OTHER REASONS for Australia's paradoxical depression besides those set forth in Kurt Offenburg's article on the subject have been revealed in the British press. The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* points out in a leading editorial that all the most prominent Australian politicians, from the former Nationalist premier, Stanley Bruce, to the ultra-radical Mr. Lang, Premier of New South Wales, refuse to accept the formula, 'Work harder and cut your costs,' which has been advanced by three orthodox economists in the past three years. Although their troubles steadily increase, most Australians are still convinced that they can discover some short cut of their own to permanent prosperity. The one practical advantage of this attitude is that it has terrified the foreign capitalist into being willing, as the *Guardian* says, 'to accept a partial satisfaction of his claims from having had the fear of repudiation so long dangled before him.'

The *New Statesman and Nation*, which is even more favorably disposed toward left-wing movements in every country, ascribes some of Australia's difficulties to the character of the Labor Party, which is so strongly organized that it commands more loyalty than the Commonwealth itself. Here is the way a correspondent in Adelaide sums up the case:—

> Australia has emphasized party strength at the expense of governmental strength. The practical men find it difficult to escape from the irreconcilables, because both are bound together by an organization strong enough to break the politician's career. The same organization contains men of opposed philosophies and conflicting interests. Within the Australian Labor Party there is only one method by which these opposed temperaments may achieve freedom of action. They must break the Labor 'machine.'

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The nation as a whole is described as being much less radically inclined than its overzealous politicians, so that, if the worst comes to the worst, there is some reason to hope that the Labor machine will not stand the strain of the present crisis.

ONLY one form of governmental economy can ease the burden of the English taxpayer and at the same time command public support, according to an eloquent editorial in the *New Statesman*. To cut down the dole, to spend less on public health and education, to reduce war pensions—such measures as these would encounter almost universal opposition. Expenditures on armaments therefore remain the only item on the national budget that might be drastically cut:—

> Every argument for extending the social services is an argument for reducing armaments. All armaments beyond such a police force as Germany was legally permitted under the Treaty of Versailles have become a dangerous and dishonest waste. We are pledged not to use war as an instrument of policy; we pledged ourselves, with the other allied signatories at Versailles, to reduce our armaments as we had forced the Germans to reduce theirs, and by failure to honor this obligation we are encouraging Germany to demand the right to rearm and bringing nearer in Europe the catastrophe of further war. If these considerations of honor and security do not influence the economizers, how is it that on grounds of sheer economy our annual armament bill of £115,000,000 or so escapes their microscopic attention?
>
> Battleships, for instance, by admission of many naval experts valueless even in war and in any case useful only to destroy other battleships, unable to move when an enemy is about unless accompanied by a host of protecting satellites—why do not the economizers recall the Prime Minister's own demand for their abolition? And then they might ask why mechanization in the army does not involve as speedy a diminution of man power as rationalization in industry. There are experts—not Quakers—who hold that at least £25,000,000 could be immediately saved on armaments—a saving that we could at once advance as our contribution to the coming World Disarmament Conference. If the economizers, purely on grounds of economy, addressed themselves to this problem, they would earn respect. At present their talk is either humbug or a disguised attack on the standard of living and social welfare of the mass of their fellow citizens.

Although the argument is directed only at Great Britain, it obviously applies with equal force to other countries whose national treasuries are grappling with deficits.

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Russia's foremost pamphleteer gives the orthodox Communist interpretation of what happened at the last League session. He ridicules the European Union and emphasizes the contrast between his own country and all the others.

RUSSIA *at* Geneva

By KARL RADEK

Translated from the *Moskauer Rundschau*
Moscow German-Language Communist Weekly

A YEAR HAS PASSED since M. Briand surprised the world with the news that in spite of his advanced years and in spite of the great age of Madame Europa they were going to bring forth a child that would represent a new and noble species of European. When the powers and the would-be powers of Europe were informed of this scheme, they politely replied that they would watch the experiment with interest but that they would suspend judgment until the loins of the ancient lady had given birth.

A year has passed, the child has not yet been born, and a council has gathered in Geneva to discover why the birth has been so long delayed. The session of the European Union Commission revealed a scene that surprised those who expected a pleasant family party. In spite of the good manners that diplomats practise even to-day, the session of the European Union Commission chiefly resembled a market place full of bargaining market wives.

The formal intention of the commission was to discuss the economic crisis. It was supposed to investigate the causes of the universal disease of capitalism, at least in so far as this disease affects Europe. It was then presumed that a diagnosis would be made and treatment recommended. Now this was undoubtedly a very interesting opportunity for investigation, even though the doctors were limited in their advice by the capitalistic character of Europe, which they could not and would not alter. However, when the European conference actually came together there was no

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question at all of discussing the problem in a general way. The bourgeois spokesmen did not even dare to consider the general causes underlying the world crisis. They did not dare to discuss the relations between the continent of Europe and the United States of America, or between Europe and the new capitalist states of South America and the new colonial countries. Nor did they dare to raise the question of relations between the capitalist world and the Soviet Union, a subject on which their press has been shouting bloody murder for three years past.

What purposes were served by the European Union Commission and by the session of the Council of the League of Nations, with which it was supposed to be so closely connected? The European Union Commission, which was supposed to assist at the birth of the little Pan-Europa baby, confined itself to passing judgment on Germany and Austria. New Europe, united Europe, Pan-Europa, and all the other lovely words that the bourgeois and Social Democratic press love to use could not conceal the familiar, ugly face. The old Versailles Europe still persists, the Europe of victors and vanquished, the Europe that we know so well and that the masses of the people in all countries turn from with increased loathing.

M. BRIAND explained in his Pan-Europa Memorandum of a year ago that political questions must take precedence over economic questions in the organization of Europe. The meaning of this attitude was very simple. Imperialistic France was explaining to the middle classes of the vanquished nations that they must openly acknowledge the French hegemony over Europe and the inviolability of the Versailles Treaty, and that only then could discussions be held as to the terms on which the Paris money market would be made available.

The governments of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria replied that they were ready to subjugate themselves to France but that they wanted better terms than the Versailles Treaty granted. This demand was put forward on the theory that a European Union could be erected only on foundations of equality, and that equality exists only when one can defend one's self. In other words, the German middle class demanded equality of armaments. They demanded either that the French disarm or that they be allowed to arm themselves. France replied through the mouth of its Minister of War, M. Maginot. Although he is a civilian who carries an umbrella, he reminded the Boches in military style that nations whose armaments and foreign policy had led to a world war obviously could not be allowed to arm themselves as much as peacefully minded nations.

The German middle class, whose official representatives talk as if they believed in a new era in Europe and in the world at large, did not need to wait for M. Maginot's speech to know that they had been shown the door. They therefore tried to strengthen their position. Treviranus made a speech about the Danzig Corridor that indicated in which direction Germany would first demand revision of the Versailles Treaty. Naturally, the German middle class knew that revision would not be brought about by a few speeches, but the words of

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Treviranus nevertheless represented something much more than the military tirade of a former naval commander who does not know how to behave on land. His speech was accepted in substance, if not word for word, by all the middle-class parties and by the Social Democrats, for it stated the demands of middle-class Germany. These demands could not be realized at the moment, and the result of their announcement simply was that the Polish question came to the fore in Germany and abroad.

Simultaneously, German diplomacy began preparing the customs union with Austria. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* of May 13 explained with considerable frankness why this union was being attempted, asserting that Germany realized that France was not content with sending notes to European powers but that it was also trying with every means of economic pressure to attract the Balkan and Danubian countries. Should this project succeed, Austria would be drawn into the French sphere of economic influence, and Germany would stand utterly isolated from the other capitalist countries and opposed to the power of France. Germany therefore parried this danger with the projected customs union. Simultaneously, German industry and finance tried to mobilize their former economic influence in Budapest, Bucharest, and Belgrade and tried to convince these capitals that although Germany was poorer than she used to be she still had something to offer. For Germany is the chief purchaser of their agricultural products and the chief source of supply for their industrial goods. Germany promised to make every effort to give them financial assistance, and the *Bergwerkszeitung* even set forth a plan offering systematic aid to the Rumanian Government by providing capital to develop Rumania's productive strength for many years to come. Finally, Italy was offered an opportunity to join the German customs union, and thus the possibility was created of economic coöperation with a competitor of France.

OBVIOUSLY, the Germans had developed a counter plan of their own to meet the French attempts to reduce the German middle class to a condition of vassalage. Though this plan was born of economic necessity, it was evident that it could not remain purely economic for all time. Its authors therefore did not reveal any great farsightedness when they tried to present it as nothing more than economic, for one does not need to be a disciple of Marx to know that great economic movements cannot be separated from their political consequences. As for M. Briand, he quietly recognized that he was facing an economic occurrence but did not lessen his opposition because, in the last analysis, French preponderance in the Balkans and the Danube valley does not rest on economic power and French diplomacy is less concerned with economic means than with political ends. So the French at once began defending themselves. They cut Germany out in Rumania by forcing Rumania to break off its economic negotiations with Germany in the presence of the European Conference. They took advantage of the financial difficulties in Vienna to bring Austrian capital to its knees. They granted a loan to Yugoslavia, held out the bait of more money

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to the Balkan and Danube countries, and simultaneously stopped negotiating with Italy on the subject of naval armaments.

France knows all about Italy's financial troubles and knows very well that Fascism will expire if it has to enter a naval building race in the Mediterranean. Also France closed its pockets and gave Italy no more money. In this way Italy, which has been more outspoken than any other nation in demanding revision of the Versailles Treaty, suddenly began to praise the Treaty through the mouth of Foreign Minister Grandi. The threat of a Mediterranean naval building race also brought extraordinary pressure to bear on England, for if France and Italy increase their navies, England can no longer adhere to the London Naval Treaty, since its Mediterranean fleet will not be big enough to keep these two powers in check. Thus England is interested in bringing Italy and France to an agreement. But France did not use this pressure. Instead it scuttled the plan of Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, to form an international investment bank that would be of service to British industry.

In this way Germany was cornered at the European Conference. Not only was the Austro-German customs union referred to the World Court, where the jurists will draw all the blood out of it, but Mr. Henderson extorted from Austria the promise to take no further steps toward a customs union until the World Court had passed judgment. English diplomacy seconded the moves of the French with apparent disinterestedness, but the cordial activities of the very honorable English foreign minister made it evident that England was taking a firm hold and doing France an important favor. Yet even this victory did not satisfy the French. M. Briand, whom the French nationalists insist on mistaking for a pacifist, brutally exclaimed, and his vassals seconded him, that if the World Court decided that the Austro-German customs union did not violate the Versailles Treaty France would none the less continue opposing the union and would bring the question before the League of Nations. Now the League of Nations must be unanimous, so that the French protest means, 'Go as far as you like, but we won't let you get away with it. In regard to the Austro-German customs union there's nothing doing, so you had better shut up.'

The sessions of the European Union Commission and of the League of Nations revealed to anyone with eyes to see and ears to hear that the Germans made a great mistake when they thought that the Versailles Treaty was made of rubber and that it would stretch. The Versailles Treaty is a chain that can be paid out, so that the prisoner has the illusion of a certain freedom of movement, but when he has gone a little distance the chain suddenly brings him up sharply.

As for Pan-Europa, it means an organization of the capitalist states of Europe brought together under French control. France is girding herself for the future struggle for world power. Through the Pan-European organization she is trying to bring the greatest possible number of vassals under her orders and is endeavoring to encircle Italy and Germany so that they will not be able to stab her in the back in the event of a great world calamity. The French middle class do not yet

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know whether their chief opponent will be the United States of America, England, or the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is the country they hate most, for their hatred combines fear of this growing socialist nation with anxiety that Germany will eventually become its ally. For the past three years French policy has taken the leadership in scheming against the Soviet Union.

NOW the Soviet Union is not going to let itself be bullied. The more the world press rails against the Five-Year Plan the more the popular masses of Russia will rally to carry it through. Thus a plan of vast socialist reconstruction becomes a plan for national defense. Only a fool can doubt that the Soviet Union will be industrialized and collectivized. No matter how great the difficulties may be, the Five-Year Plan will be fulfilled; indeed, Soviet Russia is already beginning to set a second Five-Year Plan in motion.

The declining power of the middle class and the aristocracy and the decay of the Church have given fresh power to the might of the masses. A certain Polish imperialist writer, after visiting Russia, wrote in the conservative organ, *Slowo*, of Vilna that the most important thing he had seen and felt in Russia was the fact that the Revolution is increasing in depth and breadth and that it is entering a new and much loftier phase.

Litvinov, the Soviet representative at Geneva, was thus able to speak with assurance and not resort to bluff or bullying because there was real strength behind him. 'You other nations,' he said in substance, 'have tried to overthrow us with military strength, and you have failed. You have tried to boycott us economically by refusing us loans, and you have failed. You have tried to starve us out by blockade, and you have failed. We exist, a nation of workers and peasants who are creating a new social order with our own strong hands, not laying aside the sword that we need to defend ourselves. We are convinced that the capitalist social order will never survive the crisis by which it is now shaken. The present depression may end, but the general crisis of capitalism will remain. Everything that you attempt will only make matters worse. It is not the function of the representative of socialism to offer cures for capitalism. We can only give you one piece of advice: don't try to cure your sickness by taking economic measures against the Soviet Union, and thereby releasing a world war. That would be the end of you. Conscious of our inevitable victory, we only want to compete peacefully and allow our new social order to test itself against your old, decaying order. We offer you all a pact in order that this may be accomplished.'

That was the gist of Litvinov's speech. After the Pan-European bickering of the capitalist powers had subsided, he revealed a new world of peace and labor which begins at the Berezina. His speech made such an impression that the representatives of capitalism were forced to express their pleasure with wry faces because the representative of the Soviet Union had showed his peaceful intentions and his readiness to coöperate with bourgeois Europe. Those old slyboots of diplomacy acted as if there had never been any intervention, as if Soviet

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Russia had never been asked to pay the debts of the Tsarist Government, as if representatives of the Soviet Union had never been assassinated in capitalist countries, as if plans for new intervention had never been made, as if there had never been any thought of wrecking Soviet industry. They acted as if the Soviet Union had never before made an offer of peace and as if they had never refused one. They acted as if the Soviet Union had never proposed disarmament or even a reduction of armaments, both of which they had refused. They acted as if the Soviet Union had demanded a blockade of capitalist countries and not as if the capitalist countries had blockaded the Soviet Union.

Now these poor little idiots cannot argue the great political significance of Litvinov's speech out of the world. Millions will hear it. Millions will understand what Litvinov has said, and the imperialist powers must show their colors. After speaking a few friendly words they must really explain whether they take Litvinov's offer seriously, and whether the Soviet Union will continue to be boycotted economically. Many nations will soon have an opportunity to show what their real policy toward Soviet Russia will be, for next comes the Disarmament Conference and there again they will have to do more than purse up their mouths. They will have to whistle, too.

Two worlds stood face to face at Geneva—the declining capitalist world, torn, distracted, diseased, unable to find any way out; and opposite it the young Socialist giant, saying to the old world, 'Bury your dead and leave me in peace.' It was a spectacle such as history never saw before.

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One of London's foremost publishers, who is also an authority on economics, describes the revolution that has taken place in England during the past thirty years. The fact that no great power has escaped the same process gives his article international interest.

The Economic Revolution

By Sir Ernest J. P. Benn

From the *Daily Telegraph*
London Conservative Daily

WITHIN the lifetime of all but the youngest readers of the *Daily Telegraph* we have multiplied public expenditure by fifteen and public debt by twenty-two.

Do the people who make revolutions always know that they are doing anything of the kind? Some, at least, of the authors of the French Revolution, or the promoters of the 'Glorious Revolution,' consciously devoted themselves from the first to the overthrow of the French monarchy or the expulsion of James II. It is doubtful whether any of the authors of the Industrial Revolution had the least conception of the ultimate effects of their work.

And it is still more doubtful whether the promoters of the first Reform Bill ever contemplated the 'flapper vote,' or the possible effect upon Parliament of subservience to 30,000,000 electors. Certain it is that the present economic revolution—for no milder term can be applied to what has occurred in the last thirty years—has developed and progressed without the conscious knowledge of most of the people whose lives and well-being have been so deeply affected by it. Indeed, to talk of an 'economic revolution' conveys to many people with claims to an understanding of social and political developments practically no meaning. Yet in the first third of the twentieth century we have achieved a revolution of a magnitude, a seriousness, and a violence which challenges any previous upheaval.

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There is this difference, however, between the twentieth-century economic revolution and every previous alteration in our political, social, or economic affairs—that the latest of them must be undone. The two remaining thirds of the century will witness a movement with many novel historical aspects, in that a distinguishing mark of that period will be a great effort directed toward the undoing, the cancellation, and the reversal of what was done between 1900 and 1930.

The superficial character of our personal citizenship and the shallowness of our political thought can be illustrated in no better way than by the fact that to talk of the changes of the last few years as an 'economic revolution' is to introduce a conception new and startling to most of those people who fondly imagine that they have some understanding of public affairs. It thus becomes necessary to explain and justify the suggestion that a fundamental change has occurred in the economic structure of our society, and that we have, in fact, passed through anything in the nature of a revolution at all.

Civilized or organized society has from the earliest times had this common and simple characteristic, that part of the property of the citizens has been earmarked for public purposes. In different societies and different times the proportion of the total property so earmarked has varied. In very primitive societies the proportion would be high. In highly civilized societies the proportion as a rule would be low. The economic revolution that we have undertaken consists in the fact that within a brief space of thirty years we have made so rapid and so drastic a change in these proportions as radically to alter, if not to destroy entirely, the basis upon which both public and private affairs rested so recently as thirty years ago.

IN the year 1900 the total income of the people of this country was estimated in the values ruling at that time to be in the neighborhood of £2,000,000,000 sterling. At the same period our expenditure for public purposes of all kinds, national and local, was not more than £100,000,000. Five per cent of our national income was then considered by us to be adequate for the expenses of such governmental and public services as we thought we required.

Ninety-five per cent of our total national income was left to fructify in the pockets of the people. As individuals we were perfectly free to do what we liked with as much of the 95 per cent as we could bring under our personal control. Out of every sovereign that was earned and spent within our borders, 19*s.* was distributed in accordance with the dictates of personal desires, and 1*s.* was spent by Parliament and authority in accordance with those public desires that we expressed through the medium of the ballot box.

Thirty years later the picture is a very different one. Experts differ as to the figure that should be put upon our total national income. The upheaval of the War and the rapidly changing values in a world that is still in a state of unsettlement make it less easy to arrive at figures in which confidence can be placed than it was thirty years ago. But in the altered

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values of to-day it seems probable that our total national income amounts to £3,600,000,000. Two or three years ago it was thought to be £4,000,000,000, but falling markets have altered the figure with dangerous rapidity. Of that sum, whatever it may be, not less than £1,500,000,000 is spent on public purposes, more than 40 per cent of the total.

When we look back upon the discussions of the nineteenth century and notice the weight and importance that were rightly given to an alteration of 2*d*. on the income tax or to a 4*d*. duty on some imported commodity, we get a better conception of the enormous importance that should be attached—and commonly is not attached—to the vastly greater changes brought about by us with very little thought and with record rapidity. Whereas thirty years ago 1*s*. in the pound was earmarked for public purposes, to-day 8*s*. in the pound is insufficient for similar charges.

The figure of £1,500,000,000 will probably require some explanation. So little do we think about these things, so readily do we accept spurious facts and inadequate explanations, that some may be inclined to think £1,500,000,000 an exaggeration of the present cost of imperial and local government. It should be noted that the £1,500,000,000 compares with the £100,000,000 of thirty years ago, and it is therefore important that the account should be made up in the manner of thirty years ago. To do that it is necessary to write back into the Parliamentary Budget all those self-balancing items that Mr. Churchill eliminated in 1927, and the absence of which has soothed us into a false impression.

Then, in considering the total of the budgets, national and local, which our politicians with disquieting unanimity put at £1,000,000,000, saner people have to calculate not only the figures that a spendthrift generation, in its lack of wisdom, is pleased to call expenditure, but the actual cost of all that is done by these spendthrifts. They have acquired a habit, unknown when Queen Victoria died, of borrowing without security and using the money so obtained for current expenditure.

THE £100,000,000, presently to be a much larger sum, calmly labeled 'loan' and spent on unemployment benefits, is only a sample of a long list of such transactions, now almost habitual with Parliament and with thousands of local authorities. If ever the principles of sound finance come again to be applied to public transactions there are many other items that must be charged to the current-expenditure account of the present generation, items that they not only fail to admit and acknowledge, but of which, for the most part, they are totally and completely ignorant.

The bill for public pensions is an illustration. We are paying pensions to officials who served our fathers, but we are creating a pension liability, six times as large, for our children to meet. The capital value of all those pensions is properly chargeable to us, who in our wisdom create a heavy liability in Whitehall for no better purpose than to hinder and hamper the laying of a drain in Durham or the authorization of a car park in Exeter. If this sort of liability were reckoned

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against us, as the liquidator of a company would write up the account, then £1,500,000,000 would be a gross understatement of the annual expenditure that we are enjoying in the name of public service and of good government.

But the bill, to be completed, wants many other additions. The 1900 1*s*. in the pound was collected at a trifling expense for inland-revenue salaries, but at no expense beyond the shilling to the taxpayer himself. The modern 8*s*. in the pound has involved the burden not only of a growing and oppressive bureaucracy, but of a large and expensive professional class, engaged in unraveling the technical complications that the higher rate of taxation of necessity involves. There must also be added to the bill all such items as the employers' and workers' compulsory contributions to various sorts of insurance arrangements, although 'insurance' is the wrong word. In these and in many other ways we pay for the privileges of good government, or what we in our wisdom care to recognize as the sort of thing we want in the way of government, certainly not less than 8*s*. out of every sovereign that goes into the national income account.

Figures and money being only indicators or tokens of more important things, it should be remembered that 40 per cent of our personal liberty, of our individual initiative, of our opportunities for experiment and development, have gone along with our money into official hands, and that for all those pioneering purposes which at one time engaged 95 per cent of our brains and our resources we are now left with only 60 per cent of our old efficiency. Here, then, is the economic revolution, and surely the words are hardly adequate to the facts.

CONSIDER what would happen to any family, or to any business or institution, if it were compelled by outside and extraneous forces to alter its economic basis as drastically and rapidly as our public finances have been altered. Whether we take the domestic budget of the workingman or the income and expenditure account of the millionaire, the facts are equally striking. If any normal demand upon these people developed in anything like the same proportions, the resultant alteration in their operations would be catastrophic.

Yet in our national and collective capacities the thing has been done, and it thus becomes obvious that almost any scheme or plan or project suitable and appropriate in the circumstances of 1900 is unthinkable or impossible in 1931. The language, and, indeed, the thoughts of the business man of to-day would be unintelligible to the similar individual of only thirty years ago.

The difference is, perhaps, most striking if we consider the case of a young man starting in business. At the beginning of the century such a person would have faced serious risks, but risks of a strictly commercial nature. He stood to lose his capital; he might fail to win his market; he could not dismiss from his mind the possibilities of eventual bankruptcy. But outside these normal risks he was free to develop his own ideas, to utilize his energies, and to indulge his ambition. Unless he succeeded in making money he would not be troubled by the taxgatherer.

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Such a person, starting to-day (and the pitiful, though natural, fact is that there are very few such persons), faces an entirely different prospect. He knows that from the moment that he puts his name on an office door his footsteps will be dogged, his actions watched, and his temper harassed by regulators and inspectors of every sort, kind, and description. Whether reckoned in money or in liberty, he was 95 per cent his own master in 1900, and is 40 per cent enslaved to officialdom to-day. Then he could make a price to suit his market, now nearly half the price is fixed beforehand by forces above and beyond any market, and in excess of the ability of most markets to pay.

But the case of the individual young man starting in business is typical of the nation as a whole in the new circumstances that we have created. The president of the Board of Trade took great pride in a recent speech in the progress that was being made under the direction of a Socialist Government toward that sort of Socialism which he described as 'public corporation.' We are in fact transferring whole slices of our economic estate from the shoulders of private individuals to the account of the public as a whole.

The result is simple and obvious, although in some strange way we seem determined not to see it. When we as a public undertake a public service, it becomes at once not so much a service to those who require to use it as a service to those who provide it. The point of view behind it changes. Whereas in the former case all associated with the service were actuated by a desire to give greater satisfaction to the users of the service, and thus secure a greater reward for themselves in a natural way, now the users of the service may go hang, or queue up and wait for official hours to receive it, while most of our attention is concentrated upon the personal desires of those who are drawing wages or salaries from what is still called, but often fails to be, a 'service' at all.

The financial results from this type of public service are often disastrous. Whereas private enterprise had private risk with private push behind it, relied upon profits, and profits brought taxes to the state, the public-corporation method tends to diminish and often obliterate those profits, and the public treasury is robbed both ways. It loses the tax on profits that disappear, and is charged with the losses resulting from the new method. Volumes would be required to catalogue adequately the economic damage of this sort that the present revolution has wrought among us.

But the revolution of which we are speaking assumes an even greater importance if we turn from the income and expenditure account to capital account. It is doubtful whether in 1900 our public liabilities were more than 5 per cent of our total wealth. Six per cent would most certainly have covered them. Our position was that we were spending 5 per cent of our income on public purposes and that we had a public debt amounting to 5 or 6 per cent of our total wealth. Public expenditure and public debt were both covered twenty times and secure. The gilt-edged market rested upon it with well justified confidence, now no longer possible.

When we inquire how far public expenditure and public debt are se-

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cured to-day by the private wealth that stands behind them, we get a very different picture. Sir Josiah Stamp, in his capacity as president of the Royal Statistical Society, gave us in November last an estimate of our total wealth. He considers us to be worth £18,000,000,000. With far less authority, I have endeavored to make up a statement of our public liabilities, and I put the figure at £22,000,000,000, only one-third of which is directly due to the War. Thomas Paine, in *The Rights of Man*, gives us the clue to what has happened since.

'War,' he says, 'is the common harvest of all those who participate in the division and expenditure of public money, in all countries. It is the art of conquering at home; the object of it is an increase of revenue; and as revenue cannot be increased without taxes, a pretense must be made for expenditures. In reviewing the history of the English Government, its wars and its taxes, a bystander, not blinded by prejudice, nor warped by interest, would declare that taxes were not raised to carry on wars, but that wars were raised to carry on taxes.'

If £22,000,000,000 is a just estimate of our debt, we owe more than we possess. Our public securities have nothing whatever behind them except the earning capacity of the future, and our views about the gilt-edged market require to undergo considerable alteration. Making all allowance for error, there is here disclosed an economic position the seriousness of which has never been paralleled in human experience. Whereas thirty years ago we inherited a position in which our public debt was covered twenty times over, to-day we leave to our successors a bankrupt account, in which we have piled up liabilities equaling or exceeding the total value of our wealth. Worse is to come, for these liabilities have been created in a market full of inflation, and will remain long after that inflation has gone.

As prices tend to return to the normal, the value of our property, expressed in figures, will diminish, and the weight of our debt, expressed in figures that cannot be altered, will thus increase. Whereas in 1900 consols were of the nature of debentures twenty times covered, modern government securities are no better than deferred or equity shares, depending for their value upon the earning capacity of the future.

WHEN the full story of the economic revolution of the twentieth century comes to be written, its most distressing aspect will not be revealed in figures. The moral, intellectual, and psychological sides of the thing will probably impress our descendants much more than the mere arithmetic of it. They will see, more clearly than we seem able or willing to see it, the damage that we have done to civilization and social progress. They will understand the simple truth that, unless each generation recognizes its obligations to the future as well as to the past, progress will be arrested and civilization go backward. They will realize that the nineteenth century, whatever may be said about it in detail, had one broad, general characteristic. Each generation inherited advantages and wealth from the past, enjoyed them, pre-

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served them, improved upon them, and bequeathed to the future something better. Thus was progress registered.

We, on the other hand, the economic revolutionaries of the twentieth century, loudly boasting of our citizenship, our social understanding, our determination to advance and to improve the lot of mankind, will be seen to have squandered the inheritance of the past, mortgaged the earning power of the future, and left our children to liquidate an account which, while disclosing quite clearly our national or public insolvency, also and consequently destroyed the economic basis upon which each one of the 45,000,000 of us was entitled to depend for his well-being.

Thus the economic revolution differs from any other revolution in British history. All our great political and economic changes have had their critics. One by one as they have come along Jeremiahs have arisen proclaiming their iniquity and error. But none of them, however important, however many pages it has occupied in history, has approached in its fundamental character the economic revolution of the present century. None of them has required, as this one will certainly require, that the whole nation should set itself the task of understanding quickly and thoroughly what has, in fact, been done, and then proceed to undo it.

There are those who, finding it difficult to accept this view, point to the improvement in the standard of living, the shortening of hours, and the lessening of hardship in work, the better physical condition, and other desirable alterations which, for the moment, appear to justify all that we have done.

The answer to such people is simple. When they are sure that these alterations are permanent, then the economic revolution can be classified with other beneficial upheavals. They should, however, have the wisdom to recognize the radical nature of the alterations that have been made, and take sufficient time to be certain of their permanence and quality before destroying the last remnants of the old order. If there is even a suspicion that we are, like any other dissipated spendthrift, enjoying the passing delights of capital plus income and dissipating both, we owe it to ourselves to know what we are doing.

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Meet the men who made the Spanish Revolution. Years of close personal friendship with the intellectual leaders of the Spanish Republic put M. Jean Cassou in a position to interpret the country's new spirit with authority.

Homage to SPAIN

By JEAN CASSOU

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

AUTHENTIC, profound Spain is now revealing itself and affirming its real intentions in spite of petty misunderstandings and failures, and I therefore feel entitled to recall, not without a certain pride, the interest that I have always shown in our Spanish friends who are writers, poets, artists, and philosophers. It was these pages that contained the first protest of the civilized world against the deportation of Miguel de Unamuno, one of the noblest figures in modern Europe and undoubtedly the greatest writer that Spain has produced since Cervantes, the man whom Barrès called 'the honor of Spain,' the man who incarnated the precious, indispensable permanence of Spanish culture in the world.

For many years now, Spain has been trying to find herself, and those of us who are not only sufficiently generous but sufficiently wise to interest ourselves in foreign countries know what a large element of pathos there was in all Spanish thought during the past quarter of a century. We know how many obstacles and obscurities this thought had to overcome before striking out for itself. Nor was the least of these obstacles our own lack of curiosity, our own indifference, our own obstinacy in clinging to our conventional idea of Spain, composed as it was of the insulting commonplaces of tourist literature. It seemed as if we were compelled to preserve a condition of prudent ignorance, and we trembled in the face of anything that might sully Spain's imaginary local color, although the originality of a people is above all else an interior power, which, since it is strong, cannot

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but extend itself and develop in spite of the outer, superficial transformations the life of the people may undergo. For the Spanish people possesses precisely this interior, primitive strength that makes it remain the same in spite of every change of costume. 'Spain is going to lose its kings, its friars, its toreadors'—so cries the despairing public. But kings, friars, and toreadors were simply articles of export that represented the soul of Spain abroad, and they can appear and disappear without affecting the profound reality of Spain itself.

It is this reality alone that matters, a reality so expressively evident and so unified that no other race can equal it. It is a reality that immediately appears to even the most inattentive observer, whether he is visiting the Escorial or the skyscrapers of the Gran Via. It is the same inexhaustible reality that gave nourishment to both El Greco and Picasso, to mystics and to atheists, whether of to-day or of yesterday. When Unamuno in exile was received here by our professional liberals, how scandalized they were to hear this victim of reaction immediately start quoting from Saint Theresa and Saint Ignatius of Loyola. Let us endeavor, then, to understand something about Spain; let us try to understand what we always missed as long as we clung to our fanaticisms and our systems, as long as we refused to grasp the nation in its constant reality, which is something above and beyond the superficial, artificial changes that we call progress.

This something is that human essence which Unamuno calls 'the man of flesh and bone,' and it seems to have been the mission of Spain to keep us in constant touch with it. It is this that Spain has tried to make our chief preoccupation, to recall to us incessantly in the face of all our distractions and wanderings. Man in Spain is always visible, just as the earth in Spain is always bare, just as things there seem to be made of fire, and just as Toledo, seen from across the Tagus River, does not seem to be made of stone but of light. In the face of our Asiatic and Northern civilization, thoroughly evolved, thoroughly extreme as it is, where the idea of having has replaced the idea of being, in this mechanical, urban civilization of ours, where the individual is stifled beneath morality, collectivism, possessiveness, abstractions of law and duty, Spain stands for the elementary genius of the South, the African countryside, the idea of the individual man, dignified in the face of death, the planetary man who cannot be misled by any historic absorption into forgetting his own destiny. 'Nobody knows how to live any more,' Aldous Huxley observed recently, 'except perhaps a few Italians, the people of Provence, and the Spaniards.' Yes, anyone who wants to take lessons in living should learn from the Spaniards. They possess the secret of resistance to this invasion of material things that we are lamenting so much nowadays. They are the refuge of the spirit.

'It is a trait of our epoch,' wrote Salvador de Madariaga a few years ago, 'to seek the remedy of public evils in reforms of a scientific, economic, legal, or even mechanical character. It has occurred to nobody that the cure of these ills lies in the spirit. In this respect Spain possesses a surer instinct than the other nations. It has always admired its saints, even at times when superstition made this

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sentiment a little ugly. And, in our day, it has known how to venerate with a more pure and human affection the saintliness of the man to whom we owe the renaissance of Spanish culture, Don Francisco Giner de los Rios.'

Giner de los Rios, a lay saint and a successor to the tradition of religious saintliness, is the man to whom we owe the awakening of Spanish spirituality. It was he who, in 1867, together with his master, the philosopher Sanz del Rio, resigned his chair in the University of Madrid and refused to sign a declaration of political, confessional, and dynastic faith; and it was he who later, in prison at Cadiz, refused the English consul when the latter offered him the support of British public opinion. Times have indeed changed since then. Through his university foundations, comparable to the foundations of Saint Theresa, this apostle 'consecrated his life to making men,' and these new men, who are none the less traditionally Spanish, these young sporting men, outgiving, fond of the open air and of aseptic ideas, completely transformed the morals of the university and of Spanish culture thirty years ago.

ALL their eminent masters were formed in the healthy atmosphere created by Giner, from Manuel B. Cossio, the discoverer of El Greco, to the venerable Ramón Menéndez Pidal, the philosopher, novelist, and discoverer of the *Cid*, whose adherence to the Republican cause produced such a powerful impression. That a scholar of his rank, that a meditative recluse whose whole career has been spent in studying the most ancient moral and historic traditions, should emerge from his glorious serenity to rally publicly with Ramón Pérez de Ayala and José Ortega y Gasset to the revolutionary movement reveals how deeply rooted the movement is in the national soul and to what a degree it was fatal, logical, and necessary.

The salvation of Spain was achieved not only by university reform but by the writings of Ganivet and Unamuno, by the *Idearium Español* of the former and by the gospels of the latter, his *Tragic Sense of Life*, his *Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, where in metallic language the whole philosophy of past and future Spain is compressed in all its mystic realism and all its eternal quixotism. Unamuno is a critic of the cosmic illusion and of that bitter contemplation of universal nothingness which, by a paradoxical rebound of the will, cause the Spanish man, the *Homo hispanicus*, to live more passionately and more freely than any other people. Nor must we forget, in passing in review the heroic age of the Spanish renaissance and its precursors, the magnificent figure of that jovial conquistador, Blasco Ibáñez, who was so popular and tumultuous, and who was buried in French soil without having seen the dream of his romantic, conspiring youth come true.

But the truly admirable feature of the final success of the Spanish Revolution is the effacement, the disappearance, the absence of all romanticism, the fact that it involved no rhetoric, no barricades, no Lamartines, and no D'Annunzios. All these intellectuals whose devotion to the Republic swayed the balance in its favor did not act directly on the public. Yet they were identical with the people, though they were subtle novelists and

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lofty metaphysicians. They were composed of the same reality. Let us have no illusions here. What drove the King from Madrid was the evidence. The King was kicked out by Spain and by the Spanish reality. He represented a mechanical, foreign, artificial régime without prestige or spirit that corresponded to none of the aspiration of united Spain and to no part of the Spanish tradition. Once again let us be on our guard against judging a foreign nation with our prejudices. Perhaps the monarchistic idea represents a tradition in France, but in Spain it represents nothing. We need only look at the court portraits of Velasquez and Goya to know what every Spaniard has always thought of these sovereigns, and it was enough to hear the immense roar of relief that went up all over Madrid from students, bourgeois, workers, girls, aristocrats, priests, at the news of the departure of Don Alfonso: 'Ya se fué'—'He has left.'

In the midst of this jubilation there was but one shadow, though it was a painful one to the French visitor, and that was the sad, indignant stupor that fell upon Spain when it realized that it was being misunderstood, decried, insulted, and injured in France. The Spanish did not understand how we had forgotten that the men who had conducted and carried through the revolutionary movement had been our most ardent defenders during the War, when their watchword was 'Better be with vanquished France than with victorious Germany.' These men had steadily fought against those whom Unamuno calls 'troglodites,' against that camarilla of Jesuits and militarists who were inspired by a sanctimonious, silly love of Germany and who in the newspaper, *A B C*, heaped insults on France. The Spanish public could not understand how we failed to grasp that the government that just fell was the one that permitted German submarines to stop for supplies in all the ports of Spain.

But, if the blindness of certain of our factions is such that France is going to lose the friendship of the most generous and original nation in the world, so much the worse. For these factions of ours cannot wipe out history; they cannot undo the fact that French and Spanish culture were united in the past and that all our classic century was nourished by the wealth, invention, and brilliance of Spanish genius. Nor can they prevent modern Spain from having followed our literature and from having taken it as an example of moral liberty and adventuresome spirit. After all, if the Spaniards have accomplished this revolution, they have done so to the tune of a certain 'Marseillaise,' and we must recognize our part in it. Moreover, when the Spaniards celebrate the Fourteenth of April as a day without bloodshed or disorder we must remember that we cannot do as much for our Fourteenth of July.

The astonishing population of Madrid, which puts grace and gentleness into all that it does, did not break a single window of the Royal Palace, which was guarded by young men who voluntarily assumed the duty of preventing the crowd from going too far. Songs and jokes were improvised and aimed at the former rulers, but no abusive language was heard, nor any cry of rancor or vengeance. But it was said that soldiers had to be stationed in front of the French Embassy and that the crowd in Barcelona held a manifestation in front of the

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French Consulate. 'I don't want to lose France,' cried Sieburg at the end of his famous book on France, and no doubt there are strong reasons why Franco-German friendship is unstable and difficult to define and maintain. But why should it be the same with Franco-Spanish friendship, and why should we completely isolate ourselves from the universe by letting ourselves lose Spain?

WE are such a civilized civilization that we no longer know the meaning of the word 'people.' It is the extraordinary merit of Spanish civilization to have preserved the meaning of this word, to have preserved even the meaning of the word 'prehistory,' of the word 'barbarian,' of the word 'nature,' and to have integrated all these words perpetually into its moving, undefined life, into its history and culture.

That is why one should not be astonished by the living, firm unity of the Spanish intellectuals with the Spanish people. For a long time now, José Ortega y Gasset has been following Spain, knowing it, feeling it, incarnating it. He knew it as an 'invertebrate,' he knew the anarchy which separated its various castes and made the army and the church two separate organisms that had no communication with the masses. He saw the evils of the small-town political systems. He offered not only the remedies but the energy that Spain needed to reform itself, to regain consciousness of itself and again come to life. And we have seen the same perspicacity, the same firm and dramatic will power in Pérez de Ayala, a powerful novelist, a pitiless essayist, one of those who have best described Spanish provincial life, its sleepiness, but also its immense spiritual resources, its noble, ironic humanism, its smiling, alert goodness, its common sense, its rustic gravity, all of which lie at the base of the Spanish character and fill the dialogue of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza with an unforgettable savor. Side by side with these men are Dr. Gregorio Marañón, whose name is known in France because of his psychiatric work; Manuel Azaña, the new Minister of War, who has written a remarkably just book on French politics; Francisco de los Rios, nephew of Giner and the inheritor of his tradition of honor and austerity; Eduardo Ortega y Gasset, the brother of the philosopher and Unamuno's companion in exile; and many other resolute men who have produced that phenomenon unique in history, thought resulting in appropriate action.

This phenomenon could have occurred only in Spain, because in Spain the least object, the smallest concrete form, the tiniest instinctive gesture, matter itself, original form, everything is spirit, and we must not forget that this spirit pervades an immense empire and expresses itself in one of the most widely spoken languages in the world. It gives life to twenty nations which are still bubbling with the ardor of youth, but which know that they bear a great message, the message of the Latin genius of which we are so proud, of which we speak so often at our banquets, but which we so often, too, refuse to recognize in its authentic aspect. This spirit has just affirmed itself once again. We should be denying ourselves not to support this affirmation with all the force of our hopes.

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Can Bolshevism transform itself or is it riding for a fall? A widely traveled Berlin journalist describes a new anti-Communist society now functioning abroad, but a Moscow correspondent with eleven years in Russia behind him suggests that Stalin will make all the necessary compromises for himself.

Reaction in RUSSIA

TWO CONTRASTING VIEWS

I. RUSSIA'S THIRD EMIGRATION

By DR. SVEN VON MÜLLER

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

YEAR AFTER YEAR political observers used to keep prophesying the immediate collapse of the Bolshevist experiment. To-day, however, it has become the fashion to be over-impressed by the undeniable technical and organizing achievements of the Red dictatorship. Stalin's policy and tactics, the inevitable outgrowths of historical development, are now considered permanent. The natural impulses that drive any nation from a reign of terror to freedom, from a dictatorship to democracy, are ignored because they do not emerge above the surface. Yet these impulses are steadily growing, as is proved best of all by the terrific battle now being waged by the Kremlin against 'traitors' —*kulaki*, technical experts, bureaucrats, and intellectuals. The legal right-wing opposition was the only concrete object of attack, but its defeat has hastened the development of revolutionary illegal opposition.

The phrase, 'revision of Bolshevism,' is to-day no longer an academic catchword, but a natural popular movement impelled by the very pressure of the Stalin régime. Anyone who is able to shake himself free from the official pseudo-enthusiasm of the Communist world must recognize that the Russian worker cannot ac-

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cept complete subjugation, that decrees cannot transform the individualistic peasant into a collectivist, and that intelligence cannot be permanently forced to support one body of theory. As long as the inflation and the failure to produce enough consumers' goods continue to reduce the living conditions of the masses, the chances of an antigovernmental movement improve. To be sure, the growth and the chances for success of such a movement are not very great, but that is no reason for denying its existence.

Foreign capitalist countries have already recognized some aspects of the situation. Nobody in Paris now subscribes to the naïve idea that Communism can be overwhelmed by the forces of reaction or by an intervention of White troops. What can be done is to encourage the revisionists and thus hasten a natural process of development that not only will conjure away the ghost of a Russian world revolution but will also defeat the Communist peril in capitalist countries.

Not much is said in public about the third, or Communist, emigration. Those high state officials from the diplomatic service and the G. P. U. who have rallied together around Bessedovski in the revolutionary society known as 'Borjba' do not represent a powerful group, but their political significance depends on the uncontrollable influence they exert on revisionist groups within Russia itself. The Communists assert that these men did not discover their anti-Bolshevist opinions until they had stuffed their pockets with state funds, but the men themselves reply that financial considerations would never have induced them to exchange good government jobs abroad for the uncertain life of the *émigré*. There is no doubt that many of them possess great political capacity and that they have been through a genuine struggle with their consciences, weighing their responsibility to the Russian people against their dependence on Stalin's adventurous policies.

THE activities of these Bolshevist *émigrés* indicate that their ideas have aroused more than Platonic interest in Paris and among all international economic groups that are interested in promoting a revision of Bolshevism. They are just as skillful at propaganda as their Bolshevist opponents, and their newly published programme of action, *Die Revision des Bolschewismus* (*The Revision of Bolshevism*), published by the Kommissionsverlag Gustav Engel in Leipzig, is a miracle of diplomatic skill.

The foreign policy of the revisionists sounds acceptable. The debts of the old régime are not to be settled in the 'spirit of arithmetical accuracy' but 'in accordance with political expediency,' which means that they will be honored to the extent of some fifteen or twenty per cent. The Great Powers are especially sympathetic to 'the recognition in principle of the indemnities due to foreign property owners on their confiscated holdings.' But the obligations of the Bolshevist Government are to be recognized in full. Also the political independence of the separate countries now bordering on Russia, countries that used to be part of Tsarist Russia, is recognized as an historic fact. To sum matters up, the interests of the new Russia are to

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be reconciled with the interests of world democracy.

The suggested solution of the land question will undoubtedly meet with the approval of the Russian peasants. The old slogan, 'All the land to the peasants,' is being revived; for the agricultural policy of Trotski and Stalin has robbed the peasants of all that the Revolution won for them and reduced them to slavery again. State control will prevent any revival of large-scale landowning. 'The greatest possible number of *sovkhozi* (state farms), which were created for the sole purpose of ruining the peasants, will be dissolved.' The promise of making compensation to the peasants who were forced to join *kolkhozi* (collective farms) offers an advantageous weapon of agitation on these farms. Foreign labor will again be permitted, but the leasing of the farms is to depend on the approval of the local soviet.

The process of industrial construction will be pushed forward by appealing to the 'Nep' policy originated 'by the granite personality of Lenin,' a policy that represented a change from revolutionary to evolutionary principles of economics and politics. The 'criminal policy of world revolution' will be ended and private capital will be allowed to play a considerable rôle outside the state monopolies, such as the railways and the postal, telegraph, and telephone services. Big industries such as coal, steel, and petroleum will be developed, but these, too, will be under state control, since they affect the armament industries and other undertakings of national interest. But all undertakings that are clearly unprofitable when run by the state are to be denationalized. Furthermore, a 'reasonable number of concessions will be made, and Russian industries will be protected by adequate administration of the foreign-trade monopoly.'

The working class, too, has reason to approve of the revisionist programme. After the Communist bureaucracy is slashed, the worker will again be able to choose freely where he shall sell his labor. The labor unions will be granted the right to strike, and their independence will be restored to them by the state.

I have no desire to prophesy but simply state the facts. The existence of an organized revolutionary right-wing opposition is a fact that Bolshevism must reckon on so long as the inflation and the low profits of industry under the Stalin régime continue to cause excessive tension and excitement. The weaknesses of the present system are constantly increasing.

II. Village Revolution in Russia

By Nikolaus Basseches

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE SPRING of 1931 has witnessed, as usual, a new application of pressure on all Russian peasants who are not yet collectivized. But the collective movement is not developing as it did in previous years, when there used to be murder, fighting, and even small battles. The young Communists

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used to attack the village churches, and rich peasants, or those who were reputed to be rich, were clapped into jail and deported to concentration camps. This year there have been as many arrests as usual and the last remnants of opposition have now been rounded up and segregated, but the victims are no longer being sent to concentration camps. They are being made to settle in Asiatic Russia, chiefly in Kirghiz and Turkestan. Nor have the arrests led to any really active resistance. On the contrary, many of the well-to-do peasants are hastening to join the *kolkhozi*, or collective farms. They are hastening for the simple reason that existence as a private individual has been made impossible. Whereas in the cities the high prices are taking all surplus money away from the population and placing it in the hands of the state stores, the shortage of goods prevents this method from being applied to the millions of village dwellers, who are instead being taxed heavily. A two-year-old law decreeing that villages shall tax themselves for funds to be spent on cultural work is being used as an instrument to extract money from the population. The officials in the villages know roughly how rich each citizen is, and they make their assessments accordingly. Many arrests are made among those who fail to pay.

But that is not why the peasants are abandoning their private farms. Already the individual farmers have been told what they must deliver to the state this autumn in the form of grain and other necessities and what prices they will receive. The reason so many peasants are abandoning their land is that they know already that they cannot make sufficient deliveries. Day by day the percentage of collectivized farms is increasing. A week ago thirty-five per cent were collectivized. To-day thirty-seven per cent are collectivized, and a week hence forty per cent of the total Soviet agriculture will be collectivized.

Nevertheless, the peasant has not lost his individualist outlook on economic matters. He is throwing himself into the collective movement, to be sure, but he wishes to enter without his goods and chattels, with only the clothes on his back and the soil that he does not own. He wishes, in short, to receive a stipend from the state, and for that reason he tries, just before joining the collective group, to dispose of his last horse and of any tools he may still possess. This economic campaign of the peasants is a further ground for numerous arrests. Moreover, the state itself takes every precaution to prevent hostile elements from joining the communal farms. Marriage between a person enjoying full citizenship and one without civic rights is not registered, so that the *lishenetz*, as the rich peasant who has no voting rights is called, cannot gain immunity by marrying a citizen in good standing. Nor is the rich peasant allowed to procure a divorce, which he might use to conceal an evasion of taxation or to save his property by turning it over to his abandoned wife and children, from whom it cannot be alienated.

IT thus looks on the surface as if radical tendencies were being pushed forward in the villages and as if the general line of the party were being strictly maintained. But, in reality, these apparently radical attacks on

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the village conceal a decisive change of direction, for this radicalism is not the preliminary attack of an aggressive radical policy but a rear-guard attack designed to conceal a retreat. We must not forget that the collective movement has gone so far that if it were to be abandoned now chaos would follow. The state is therefore in a perilous position. Unless it wants to be utterly discredited it cannot leave its collective-farm policy in the lurch. Furthermore, the majority of the peasants are joining the collective farms in order to become state pensioners. But the state has no means of financing this extensive collective movement and is therefore forced to fall back on capitalist forms, just as it has done in its industry.

In its village activities, the government up till recently relied on the support of the poorest peasants, on the cotters and the agricultural laborers. From this class special organizations were erected to control the collective farms. Ever since the beginning of the Revolution these organizations have been the main support of the Soviet régime in the villages. Last year, however, certain concessions had to be made to the moderately well-to-do peasants. It was decreed that private farms on entering the collective movement need turn over only their land, agricultural equipment, and horses; cattle and small live stock might be retained by the individual. As I have said, this concession was necessary in order to check the terrific slaughter of live stock. But it was an economic concession that did not involve any abandonment of principle.

The income of the collective farms was still divided equally among all members and anyone who asked for a special share because of the equipment he had contributed or the work he had done was proclaimed a *kulak* and a counter-revolutionist. Members of the collective farms included not only the active laborers but all members of individual farms that had joined the collective movement, and the harvest was divided equally among all. Thus the workers cared for all children and all those incapable of labor. And the agricultural proletariat, which is the main support of the Government in the villages, naturally extracted the greatest material benefit from the whole system.

But here again a change has come. Anyone who now demands equal distribution is branded as an enemy of the state and of the party. For the collective farms, like the state industries, must again be made profitable. Five per cent of the total yield of the collective farms is at once deducted and divided up among the various members in proportion to the amount of property they brought into the farm, and of this five per cent the agricultural proletariat naturally gets nothing at all. The remaining ninety-five per cent is not divided equally, but in accordance with the number of hours of work performed. Most collective farms therefore operate on the principle of piece work, and now the individual looks out for his own family instead of drawing his support from the community as a whole.

IT is impossible to imagine what a profound revolution this new ordinance is creating in the collective farms. A new social stratification of the village is under way. At first, the rich peasant, and to a certain extent the

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moderately well-to-do peasant, was expropriated by the collective movement to the profit of the agricultural proletariat, which received the income of the whole economic system out of which the collective farms were built. But now this gift of the Soviet Government to the agricultural proletariat has been taken away. Again the moderately well-to-do peasant, the man who has some property, has become the centre of the collective movement, and the proletarian is now forced to back into his old position and to nourish his big, hungry family with the fruits of his own muscular labors. No wonder the agricultural proletariat considers this strictly enforced change of policy as representing an entirely new régime. No wonder, too, that the moderately well-to-do peasant is more tempted than the cotters and agricultural laborers to join the collective movement.

For the collective movement seizes hold of the latter type of worker without giving him anything in return, not even the freedom of movement that he once enjoyed on the barren ground that nourished him before he became collectivized. The moderately well-to-do peasant, however, can now retain his relative position within the collective movement, for on top of the returns from his labor he has his live stock, which the proletariat does not possess. The result is that, since prices on the free market are often twenty times as high as official prices, the village proletarian, even with what little property he may possess, believes that he can do better by himself than by working on a collective farm, where he can obtain only the strictly limited government wages by the exercise of his own muscles.

Thus a profound social change is occurring in Russian village life. The collective movement, instead of being a means of socialization, a means of leveling the material differences within the village, is suddenly becoming a purely capitalist economic organization. Because this organization is ruled by the state, it may perhaps be called state capitalism, and it is quite losing its socialistic character. In agriculture, just as in industry, it is clear that the retreat from socialism cannot be halted. Perhaps the rear-guard attack of radicalism will veil the reality of this retreat and maintain the Stalin régime in its present position of social and economic defense, but more probably the retreat will continue further in the autumn.

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A German writing from Sydney explains the present Australian economic crisis. The parallel with our own depression is at once striking and disturbing.

Australia Goes Broke

By KURT OFFENBURG

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt Liberal Daily

'WE LIVED in a fool's paradise.' This is how the Australian of to-day describes the past ten years. Up to a few months ago he did not understand how he could enjoy anything but well-being. In the city of Sydney, with its 1,128,000 inhabitants, poverty in the European sense did not exist; the beggar was an almost unknown figure. But the last six months have rapidly and ruthlessly destroyed all Australia's lovely dreams of wealth, and the country has been forced to recognize that it is only a small and not very important part of the organization we refer to as the world economic system.

The Australian, whether laborer, clerk, salesman, or stenographer, had grown accustomed to receiving in exchange for a minimum amount of work a maximum amount of the good things of life. A working week of from forty to forty-four hours, very high minimum wages, no essential distinctions between skilled and unskilled labor, and extra pay for 'dirty' work in slaughter houses, sewers, and the like assured this efficient city population of an incomparably higher standard of living than existed in any other country. It was nothing unusual for the ordinary clerk or workingman to have his own automobile. Trips to the movies and theatres two or three times a week were taken for granted. The employee dressed and still continues to dress in the latest fashions. The ladies wore only imported shoes, for the most expensive articles were not too good for anybody. No one had to go without anything at all. The minimum wage made possible these luxuries, which removed any sharp distinction between rich and poor. The well-to-do person could not afford more than a simple family dwelling that was perhaps a little larger and hung with a few more paintings than

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the average house. His automobile was more expensive, his cooking more refined, and he had servants. The worker had the same things—a one-family house, an automobile, good food, but no servants.

The few voices of warning that announced the impossibility of maintaining post-war prices for necessities of life such as wool, wheat, iron, butter, and fruit attracted no attention. The economic leaders recognized too late that the great hunger for goods which followed the War had been appeased by overproduction and that the buying power of Australia's chief customers, England, Western Europe, and Japan, was falling rapidly. People were forgetting that Australia depends on the Bradford woolen market and on the Chicago and Winnipeg wheat exchanges. The high prices that prevailed were taken as indications that still higher prices would follow. The result was that when these markets began to slump the whole Australian economic system was shaken to its foundations. No one had reckoned on such a possibility. High prices were taken for granted and not discussed.

Early in 1928, when prices, especially woolen, wheat, and mineral prices, began to drop, Australia believed that the market was merely undergoing a temporary decline. But this was a false hope. Although prices went lower and lower, neither private nor public expenditures were reduced. The Australian mentality, which is one-hundred-per-cent optimistic, could not make up its mind to reduce the standard of living even slightly. Public money was spent with the same lavish hand. In spite of the decline in state revenues, the governments of the separate states of Australia and of the Commonwealth did not cease borrowing further millions to spend on public works. Not only were railway lines built that would not be able to pay expenses for decades, but an enormous new system of dams was commenced in the valleys of the Murray and Darling Rivers, which are used somewhat for shipping but which are more important as the sources of a regular water supply for the neighboring country. Hundreds of miles of asphalt and cement roads were built into the interior of the country. Huge electrical plants were erected with extensive cross-country connections. All these investments were designed to promote Australia's future, and the heavy interest charges had to be borne by the present generation on top of the enormous war debts.

THE people and the government both believed that the shortage of money caused by the lowered returns from export trade could be remedied by new borrowings. Debts increased, the standard of living was maintained, and export values continued to decline. The only sound principle applied was experimental: an attempt was made to increase the returns from exports by increasing their volume, but it failed and had to fail because prices fell more rapidly than they ever had before in Australian economic history.

The foreign creditors, England and America, grew distrustful and refused to increase the mounting deficit by granting further loans. Suddenly Australia, thrown back on its own resources, began to realize that in the happy days of prosperity it had neg-

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lected to provide against leaner times. The government then began making the same mistake it had so often made before, and attempted to cure economic ills by political measures. The Australian has never understood that economic laws rule the world as mercilessly as the laws of nature, and even to-day he still believes that he has attained economic independence from other countries. A typical instance of this point of view was revealed in a conversation I had with the editor of one of the leading trade-union papers, who earnestly proclaimed that if each continent produced for its own needs humanity would be happy.

Sir Otto Niemeyer, the Bank of England's expert, who was invited by the Commonwealth Bank of Australia to study the economic and financial crisis and the means of solving it, offered the following very unpopular receipt as the only way out: curtailment of public and private expenditure, increased hours of work, and better understanding of economic problems. This advice seems to have fallen on barren soil. The recent elections in New South Wales resulted in an overwhelming majority for the radical element in the Labor Party, which demanded either further borrowings abroad or the issuing of more paper money.

It is quite evident that Australia knows nothing about the sad experiences of France and Germany with inflated currency. For months economic experts have been uttering warnings in the daily press of the danger of inflation in Australia. A both painful and grotesque impression has been made on German observers by pictures of our own billion and trillion dollar bills of the inflation period, used as horrible examples. Will such warnings be heeded, or must the inhabitants of the fifth continent learn for themselves from bitter experience?

Gradually the average Australian, the man on the street, is realizing that the next ten years will be a period of more intensive labor. The question is how far the Australian can overcome his natural dependence on well-being, his carefree attitude, and his indolence, all of which are intensified by the climate.

I spent four days in the fertile Mudgee district of New South Wales, 150 miles inland, where wool, wheat, green vegetables, coal, and gold are all to be found, as well as water the whole year round. One morning as I was setting out from Mudgee for Gulgong, a former mining town, I noticed a group of people sitting on the corner of the street smoking their pipes. They were insolent, tattered figures whose ages varied between twenty-five and fifty. Since there was a blacksmith shop near by I assumed that they were farmers waiting for their horses to be shod, but in the evening when I returned and the men were still in evidence I inquired and found that they were unemployed. Just consider this, if you please. There are men out of work in a little town of 3,500 inhabitants in a district containing only 14,000 inhabitants. How can this contradiction be explained? The country is underpopulated and yet no work can be found. Some say that wages are so high that the farmers cannot pay them, but this argument does not hold water, for until the farmer has met his interest charges at the bank and his own private debts he must keep some

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laborers, even if he has not enough left to live on. This is therefore no explanation of why people are unemployed. The real reason is a defective economic organization.

To understand this organization, we must remember certain past events. In the period of prosperity, which lasted halfway through 1928, the farmer was not laying by any reserves. He used his profits to purchase and cultivate new land. Every two or three years he would buy more, much more than his means permitted. The banks gave him credit. Harvests were good and his books balanced as long as the prices of wool and wheat remained high, which they did for a longer time than the price of any other article. When the fall in prices occurred, farm laborers were the first to be let go, although they were indispensable for agriculture and work should have been kept up as intensively as ever. But economies were necessary somewhere, for interest payments had to be made to the bank that had financed the purchase of land and equipment.

THE farmer could not always make these payments. Prices dropped lower than even the darkest pessimists had prophesied and they are still declining with no prospect of improvement. Wheat that sold for 7*s.* 6*d.* in 1928 sank to 1*s.* 9*d.* in 1930. Wool that sold for 56*d.* a pound in 1928 dropped to 19¾*d.* in November 1930. To understand the desperate position of the Australian wheat farmer, we must remember that in 1929 the Commonwealth Government launched an intensive 'Grow More Wheat' campaign. The Commonwealth guaranteed the farmers a minimum price of 6*s.* 6*d.* a bushel and then reduced this price to 4*s.* 6*d.* when it became evident that the other wheat-growing countries would have good harvests. The banks extended credit, since the Government itself promised a minimum price of 4*s.* 6*d.* The cost of raising wheat was estimated at 3*s.* 4*d.* a bushel because of the terrific tariff on agricultural machinery and oil and the high transportation charges and living expenses. As these lines are written the price of wheat is fluctuating between 1*s.* 8*d.* and 1*s.* 10*d.* a bushel as a result of world overproduction.

At the British Imperial Conference, Mr. Scullin, the Australian Prime Minister, sought the adoption of a preference clause for the Dominions so that England would not buy wheat from other countries until Australia and Canada had sold their entire supply. The Labor Government refused this offer on the ground that the essentials of life must be sold as cheaply as possible. Thus Australia has been forced to sell its wheat at a loss and the farmer is now hopelessly in debt.

Most farmers bought their land on credit, and, now that they are overwhelmed with debts, they can no longer pay interest. The banks are thus the real owners of the farms, but since they lack liquid capital they can extend no more credits to agriculture or industry. But the decisive fact is that the annual value of wool, wheat, and metal exports has fallen from £150,000,000 to £70,000,000, while imports have remained almost unchanged.

Like the banks, the big country storekeepers, who sell everything from

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shoe polish to automobile tractors, from silk stockings to complete houses, extended the farmers credit until harvest time. In New South Wales alone this credit in the year 1929 to 1930 totaled £6,000,000. The storekeepers are therefore now turning to the Commonwealth Government, asking for its support not only to prevent themselves from failing but to save the farmers, to whom they can extend no further credit.

Up to now it was exceptional for banks to have to take over a farm. Instead, they generally would extend new credit so that the farmer could continue his labors. At the present time, however, it is conservatively estimated that 75 per cent of the farmers are unable to meet their interest payments to the banks, which means that a problem has been raised on whose solution the whole future of Australia depends. The following first steps have been taken: less wheat is being planted and the high domestic price is to be maintained in order to compensate in some measure for the loss of revenue from exports. Long-term state credits are being extended, and intensive farming is being encouraged by closer settlement on small farms.

It is important to remember that the Australian farm laborer is the only laborer who no longer enjoys the protection of a minimum wage law. This is one of the causes for the migration into cities. The agricultural laborer would rather depend on occasional jobs and state aid in a city than work hard on a farm for low wages. Moreover, the farmer cannot pay higher wages, since he has to sell his products on the world market. When agricultural workers were guaranteed a minimum wage in New South Wales, the rates were as follows: threshing-machine operators, 18*s*. a day; wagoners, 14*s*.; potato-pickers, 13*s*.; stack-builders, 23*s*. In addition to these wages, laborers received free board and lodging.

The farmer could only pay such high wages because he was buying land with credit from the bank. He never contemplated a reduction in prices, to say nothing of a sudden collapse of prices. Not only is the world depression at work here, not only have the prices of wool and wheat collapsed, but Australia's troubles are also the result of an egotistical settlement policy, which has actually, though not officially, excluded immigrants and still continues to do so. Indeed, the country's troubles are largely the result of a policy, pursued with equal vigor by the Nationalist Party and by the Labor Party, to make Australia remain an island continent, to isolate it, and to bring it in touch with the rest of the world only in so far as the sale of Australian products is concerned. Yet Australia has only six and a half million inhabitants, who are misusing the wealth of their country.

The only way to bring Australia to its senses would be to refuse to extend it further credit. This step England took after the Commonwealth Government turned down the Melbourne agreement. But the statesmen at Canberra have their own solution and are convinced that salvation lies in printing more paper money. Thus the spectre of inflation has appeared. The next few months will show whether this spectre will become a reality and, if it does, whether the sensible Labor ministers are stronger than the radi-

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cal members of their party, who have been strengthened by the recent elections in New South Wales.

ALTHOUGH the farmers of Australia have for years been opposing the protective tariff, they have not yet succeeded in their struggle. Most Australians admit that the weal or woe of their country depends on its agriculture and will continue to do so for a long time to come. But they have a kind of national vanity that urges them to produce industrial goods at home. Furthermore, the trade unions, which are more influential politically and economically than they are in any other country except Russia, let no opportunity slip to force the protective tariff still higher, believing that in this way they can maintain the minimum wage and assure their members of work. This attitude has naturally led to an unparalleled tariff policy that has not only raised living expenses but has also made the operating expenses of agriculture so high that Australian products can be sold on the world market only with great difficulty, while the domestic consumer has to pay enormous prices to make up for the losses incurred on exports.

Australian industry can be maintained only at the expense of Australian agriculture. But since political power lies almost entirely in the hands of industrial trade unions, the farmer has no means of changing existing conditions. The industrial worker naturally defends as long as he can this distribution of the national burden, which he finds so comfortable and which lays all the weight on agriculture, guaranteeing industry a high minimum wage and almost no taxes.

When the world price of wheat and wool collapsed, the whole situation changed completely. High wages could no longer be paid, and since the workers would not accept any reductions they began losing their jobs in great numbers. At the present time there are two hundred and forty thousand people unemployed in Australia, a record for all time.

The shortage of industrial goods during the War was responsible for the idea that Australia should make itself as independent of imports as possible, and the policy that was necessary between 1914 and 1918 has been continued up to the present time. Nor is this all. Instead of building up essential industries gradually, new industries are continually being established, although the domestic needs rarely justify their existence. These industries can go on living only by virtue of the high tariffs, and in the last twelve months tariffs have been raised three times without, however, checking the increase in unemployment. The Commonwealth Government is therefore pushing its industrial policy still further. It has picked out certain industries that are supposed to be essential and is paying them a bounty that is the only means of keeping them alive. Thus the gold mines have been receiving one pound sterling for every ounce of gold they have produced during the past few months. The steel works receive a subvention for every ton of steel they turn out, and the same thing is true of the tobacco factories.

Another means of protecting native industries is the embargo, which now excludes sixteen different articles, with more items constantly being added to the list. The importation of

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sugar, for instance, is forbidden, also that of chocolate, cheese, electrical equipment for the home, radio sets and their parts, and all steel goods except watch works. There is also an import quota that allows only fifteen per cent as large a quantity of perfume, lipstick, gloves, and shoes to enter the country as did in 1930.

HERE is the way such measures are enacted. If a manufacturer goes to the tariff minister in Canberra and explains that he has decided to make safety pins or locomotives, a protective tariff is at once enacted, regardless of whether there is a sufficient domestic market for such goods. Safety pins, which used to be imported at twopence a package, now cost sixpence. Why? The factories produce in a few weeks enough goods to supply the country for a whole year, and even for those few weeks they cannot operate at a profit. The workers are therefore dismissed without receiving notice, and the sacrifice of the ultimate consumer, who has to pay three times the regular price, is all in vain. Obviously it is impossible to export the rest of the year's output, since other countries make and sell safety pins for twopence. Whether the goods in question are shoes or wicker furniture, steel or glass, the principle is the same. Who can wonder that the farmers have no use for Australian industry?

Even to-day, the average Australian does not understand that he is paying for every article that he needs in his daily life a price far in excess of the price on the world market. All factories must produce for a ridiculously small domestic market of six and a half million consumers, because not a single Australian industry is capable of competing on the world market. This condition is not due to high freightage, since the freightage from here to China and Japan is cheaper than the freightage from Europe or America. The trouble lies in the absurd methods of production, which are made possible by the artificial elimination of world competition, and also by high wages, which in turn are made possible by the enormous tariff on imported goods. Thus the circle completes itself.

Only a change in the present customs policy can do any good. When one attempts to explain this to an Australian, he usually replies that the Americans are paying even higher wages in their industries. But he quite overlooks the fact that American industry is supplying a protected domestic market of one hundred and twenty-five millions and is therefore able to profit from rationalized mass production, that the Americans work harder for the wages they are paid than the Australians do, and that American methods are pointless here as long as there are only six and a half million consumers on the whole continent.

Perhaps Australia's economic difficulties may serve to demonstrate that the organization of its industries stands in direct contradiction to its natural interests and that it should first become and remain an agricultural nation, at least as long as it is not fully occupied.

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Persons and Personages

Freud at Seventy-Five

By Alfred Döblin

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

THERE IS AN OLD Indian legend about a king's son who was born at an unpropitious hour and was therefore cast away in the forest, where he was brought up by wild animals. He grew to maturity with the illusion that he was a wild man, until finally a royal minister discovered him and told him of his identity. At this instant, his illusion vanished and he knew that he was a king. The minds of the people of Europe dwelt in such a forest up to our own century, when a minister discovered them, a minister named Freud.

Freud was educated in the old-fashioned way. He studied the anatomy of the brain and used a microscope. He was a regular neurologist. First he had to break himself of the habit of laughing at hysteria. It is even alleged that up to twenty years ago one of the big Paris clinics used to have the mysterious symbols, 'T. M.,' on the blackboard while certain cases were being treated. 'T. M.' stood for 'totally mad' and was applied to hysterical patients. But the objectivity and genuineness of hysterical symptoms were already being established in Paris and the even more far-reaching assumption was being made that mental events played an important part in the creation of such symptoms. Whatever doubt still remained was cleared away by Charcot's use of hypnosis, which proved that even important physical symptoms such as paralysis might result from mental conceptions.

It was at this point that Freud's inspiration dawned. He filled the great breach that had existed up to his time. He paid no more attention to his microscope. Another man in his place might have philosophized and studied the connections between body and mind, but he returned to Vienna as an unsalaried lecturer. Later he became a professor—not a professor of philosophy or theology, but a professor of medicine. He well deserved his post.

He deserved it because he was doing justice to thousands of sick people in causing them to be looked upon as sick. Nothing raises a patient in his doctor's esteem more than the possession of some visible symptom, such as a swollen joint. But what is a doctor to do when there is no swollen joint? When there is merely a headache? Or when the patient has to keep on crying, yet knows that he has no reason to cry,

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that everything is going well with him and that his domestic affairs are causing him no trouble? Formerly there was nothing to do but classify him as 'T. M.,' murmur a few words about his hereditary burden, and tell one's self that the man was merely trying to annoy people in an odd way and that he ought to be talking to his mother-in-law, not to a doctor. Yet such patients kept running to doctors, until finally the doctors gave way and opened their eyes.

Abandoned centuries ago by psychologists and doctors, the human soul set forth on a long pilgrimage. It fled to the arms of the poet and the priest. The priest held out the prayer book; the poet offered his arm and the two walked together in green places. Then Freud let the human soul enter his reception room, closed the door, and said, 'Take off your things, madam. Yes, please disrobe.' I might add that even now the soul is shocked by this advice and stands motionless by the door, hardly doing more than removing its hat.

FROM 1892 to 1931, a period of thirty-nine years, Freud has experimented with the soul, studied it, and learned its ways. He has attracted a growing circle of students about him. How do his case histories read? Here is what he himself says: 'I was not always a psychotherapist, but was trained in local diagnosis and electrodiagnosis. It touches me strangely that the case histories that I now write read like novels and seem to lack the serious imprint of science. But I must console myself with the thought that this result is clearly due more to the nature of my subject than to personal preference. For local diagnosis and electrical reactions are of no value in the study of hysteria, while a searching presentation of what is happening in the mind, the kind of thing that one expects to hear from poets, enables me to gain a kind of insight into the course of the illness. Such case histories have an advantage over psychiatric descriptions in that they reveal the close connection between the history of the ailment and the symptoms produced, for which we seek vainly in the biographies of psychosis.'

The style in which Freud writes is so clear and simple that it is hardly a style at all. He says what he really means without the use of artificial phrases. He talks as a man who knows whereof he speaks. Penetrating the realm of the soul, Freud pursued his way and came upon the most important element of all, the subconscious. He entered the kingdom of dreams, where he discovered archaic ideas, symbolic thought, the amazing power of condensation, and distortion of time. Finally, he went on an excursion of his own into the field of biology. As a result, mental occurrences are no longer 'explained,' as they were thirty-five years ago, in terms of anatomy and physiology; on the contrary, biological facts, life

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activities of an elementary kind, are made intelligible by means of facts drawn from mental life. Freud has excavated all this knowledge from practical observation, from living human beings.

How different this method is from the method of earlier doctors and, indeed, of nearly all doctors. The faith that the patient should have in his doctor must be a faith in the secret power and the scientific knowledge that the doctor possesses. In other words, a certain amount of submission and magical belief is necessary. At the same time, any mental work undertaken by patient and doctor in common must be open and aboveboard. They must both speak German, rather than having the doctor talk Latin, and in every sense they must speak a common language. There is something democratic about it. I believe that there is a healing element in this kind of treatment and that a relationship of this type between doctor and patient is in itself a liberating and progressive step.

Freud has been blamed for not having come out of his study and applied all the first-hand knowledge he possesses to society at large. Why, people ask, has he seen all that he has and yet not attempted to change or destroy anything? One need only look at the photographs of Freud at various ages to answer this question, for he always strikes one as a distrustful, skeptical man, a true pessimist. He has no great illusions about the ability of human institutions to change the human soul. Indeed, he would not be the keen student of the human soul that he is if he believed that a few adjustments of the social order would be able to bring about a decisive change in the individual.

I admire Freud for two reasons, each equally good. I admire him as a benefactor of humanity who has flung wide the doors that shut in many who were sick and suffering. And I also admire him as a spiritual leader, as one of the first men in Europe to enter the kingdom of the soul in the name of science.

President Paul Doumer

By a Paris Correspondent

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

M. DOUMER, a man of humble origins, attained through energetic labor knowledge that enabled him to make his living first as a tutor and then as a professor in small colleges. But political life attracted him, and the support of Floquet, who was then president of the Chamber, enabled him to enter that body as a deputy at the youthful age of thirty-one. His extraordinary application to his work, which is one of his most

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noticeable qualities, soon made him a marked man. Rarely does an even moderately able deputy fail to make his way into committees, which are the real avenues to power, provided he works hard. Doumer, who was soon looked upon as one of the technical experts in the Chamber, advocated taxing incomes. People's minds were not then prepared for such a reform, which has since been adopted, and it was the Senate's opposition to this fiscal policy of his that led to the fall of the Léon Bourgeois cabinet, in which Doumer was finance minister. This probably premature attempt to modify an obsolete fiscal system gave him the reputation of a radical, though this reputation in no way corresponded to what he really was. M. Doumer resembles more than anything else those great bureaucrats of the *ancien régime* whose only passion was the good of the state. All his life he has sought to serve the public interest to an exemplary degree.

When M. Doumer accepted the governor-generalship of Indo-China in the latter part of 1896 under the Méline ministry, the adherents of the extreme left accused him of having betrayed his party in order to obtain a rich post. This judgment was at once unjust and absurd. Quite sincerely, M. Doumer saw the opportunity to perform a useful service for France and the fact is that from 1897 to 1902 he accomplished a great piece of work in the Far East. He was responsible for the energy that reorganized and unified Indo-China, gave it its railways, and made it into the prosperous country that aroused Lord Northcliffe's enthusiasm when he visited it a few years before his death.

This long colonial experience enlarged and developed M. Doumer's mind. He understood the importance that should be attached to the vast colonial domain which the Third Republic reconstituted. It is a point of view that M. Briand and many other French politicians have never attained and it explains their lack of interest in the navy, which, though it is an absolutely indispensable instrument to any great colonial power that wants to remain such, they light-heartedly sacrificed at the Washington Conference and on other occasions. The years that M. Doumer spent in Indo-China certainly opened his eyes on this subject.

In spite of the disapproval that M. Doumer's methods began to arouse, he was returned to the Chamber in 1902 and was elected president of the Finance Committee, a position that he held in spite of the attacks of his adversaries, who were then in power. Thus was homage paid to his financial skill. He openly and courageously condemned the system of informing practised in the army, and early in 1905 his election to the presidency of the Chamber marked the end of the Combes era.

It is a question whether M. Doumer was wise in standing for the presidency in 1906 against M. Fallières, when some of his supporters injured his chances by the exaggerated character of their campaign. But if we

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are to judge by what has happened since then, we are tempted to conclude that M. Doumer made no mistake in insisting on the necessity of national discipline, since a lively future was announcing itself in Europe.

After his first presidential defeat he became a little less conspicuous, but he was twice made minister of finance after the War, both times, curiously enough, as a member of a Briand cabinet; and everyone knows that since 1927 he has presided over the Senate.

This career, which we have summarized briefly, is honorable in every respect. It reveals no sign of genius, but it shows that M. Doumer has been constantly preoccupied with his country's welfare. He has never been an intriguer, one of those all-too-numerous politicians who willingly sacrifice public interest to personal ambition. There is no stain on the new President of the Republic, who is an eminently honest man of a rather austere appearance, with a white-bearded face which is never illuminated by one of those smiles that have made M. Doumergue so popular.

M. Doumer's most sympathetic aspect is his beautiful family life. He had eight children, five of them sons, four of whom died for France, three on the field of battle and one as the result of being gassed. The day after his election his first thought was to go with Madame Doumer and lay flowers on their graves.

In choosing him to succeed M. Doumergue, the National Assembly has given France as chief of state a man who undoubtedly will acquit himself most conscientiously of the functions with which he is charged. He may make mistakes, but it is almost certain that he will act in conformity with what he believes to be the public good. He will not sacrifice the interests of France and will work as well as he can for the consolidation and pacification of Europe. As he commences his seven-year term of office we can only wish him the best of courage and the best of luck and hope that he will succeed as well as M. Doumergue, who has proved himself one of the best presidents of the Third Republic.

Spengler Speaks

By Dr. Karl Koll

Translated from the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich National Daily

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the German Museum was held in its hall of honor, which was undecorated save for some laurel around the speaker's platform and the doorways. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht was greeted in the name of the Museum as a man for whom any introduction would be superfluous. Dr. Oswald Spengler then took the floor as the first

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speaker. He commenced by going back to the origins of history, arguing that the spiritual connection between beasts of prey and human beings is extraordinarily close. World history, he said, is not a succession of progressive developments but a succession of catastrophes.

Men, however, differ from beasts of prey in that they learned something, imitated something, discovered something. Only in human beings do we find a capacity for technical thought, and the question is when this unique human quality made its first appearance. In Spengler's opinion it appeared with the development of the hand, which made possible the use of tools. Men were not able to fight with their hands alone, but the hand and the tool became a terrific weapon. With hand and tool man made his destiny. Thought and the activity of the hand go together. There is a relationship between the mind and the hand, as the word 'apprehend' indicates. The eye is the organ of theory, the hand of practice. When conscious action made its first appearance in the world, the soul of man rose above the level of the soul of the wild animal.

When did man invent the tool? Spengler has no patience with fantastic periods of time, running back hundreds of millions of years. In his opinion, the tool was developed some five thousand years before Christ, almost simultaneously all over the world. Domestic animals cannot be maintained without pasture land, crops cannot be grown without wagons and other means of conveyance, and no dealings between people are possible without speech. Perhaps men were able to communicate with each other more than five thousand years before Christ, but not in the form of connected sentences. Spengler does not believe in the theory that speech originated from poetry, but dogmatically asserts that speech was born of reflection and purpose. When human beings want to manage technical matters some must give orders and others take them. Thus speech and technical activity went hand in hand. At the same time another element appeared in the spiritual life of humanity and developed increasingly from century to century—personal superiority. Since all technical activities depend on two groups, the leaders and the led, these two groups form the fundamental structure of human life. Individual gifts became supremely important and an immense difference was established between manual and mental labor. It was at this point that something began working in humanity that lifted it quite out of the realm of brute creation.

One result of this improvement was that the number of human beings increased. Technique spared no people but created the need for a larger population, which came into being in due course of time. But, fundamentally, only the masses increased in number. Thus the conflict between the leaders and the masses has always existed and has produced a state of tension that grows constantly more acute.

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Modern mechanical technique has set three groups of people above the rest: the inventor, who thinks; the organizer, who creates opportunities; and the worker, who executes the task. These three types are necessary at the present time. Humanity has now reached the point of being able to push through its fight against nature to a successful conclusion, but this same humanity has become a slave of its own creations. Hundreds of thousands of people must keep working simply to maintain the present level of technique. No decrease in labor occurs; indeed, more and more work has to be done. The cultured nations that invented technique and made machines of their own have sent their engineers to foreign countries that are now following Japan's example and are imitating all our methods or even improving on them. The foundations of industry and economics are shattered. We have the choice of Achilles—either to maintain ourselves to the end or to make an end of ourselves violently. But we shall persevere, and that is the heroism of technique.

After the loud applause had died down Dr. Schacht remarked that this was more than an interesting or beautiful speech, and that Spengler had set forth a provocative and disturbing idea. Yet human beings keep on struggling. What gives them the power to do so? In this power resides the great difference between the soul of man and the soul of brute creation. It is the divine spark that drives us onward and upward. We must preserve it so that we can say, even in the face of death, that we have conquered death.

Ten Years of Bethlen

By William Martin

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

TEN YEARS AGO, on the nineteenth of April, 1921, Count Bethlen assumed power in Hungary and has exercised it without interruption ever since. This would be a record in any country and at any time, but these particular ten years and the difficulties he has had to overcome cause his personality to stand out in especially high relief.

After four years of war, Hungary underwent the ordeals of revolution, Bolshevism, invasion, and dismemberment. It emerged shaken, with a disorganized economic system, a divided people, and a weak government. The ministers who followed the Bolshevist régime—four in less than two years: Friedrich, Huzzár, Simonyi, and Teleki—tried in vain to restore public order. The spirit of vengeance against all who were suspected of having conspired with Bolshevism brought forth repeated anti-Semitic outrages, whose authors, the *Ebredö Magyarök* or

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Awakened Hungarians, could not be reached because they enjoyed the complicity of the population and the protection of certain high officials.

It was then that the country turned to this Transylvanian gentleman, this highborn Huguenot of modest and unassuming appearance, and asked him to restore public order. The choice proved to be wise; for once public taste had not erred. Count Bethlen restored order in a relatively short time and by relatively gentle methods. In the course of ten years this quiet, timid-looking man has exhibited energy without violence, decision without severity. The celebrated formula of 'an iron hand in a velvet glove' seems to have been made for him.

He obtained his results by semidictatorial methods, but without overstepping the bounds of the strictest legality. Although Hungary has universal suffrage and a ministry responsible to a parliamentary majority, Bethlen never departed from the Constitution. It must be added, however, that though suffrage is universal the vote is not secret, and therein lies the explanation of the electoral triumphs without which Count Bethlen would doubtless have been obliged either to resign or to establish an open dictatorship. But why cavil at his methods? It is the results that matter, and, considering the difficulties he has had to face, they are remarkable.

Count Bethlen had barely assumed power when Hungary entered upon a dispute with Austria, to which the Allies had ceded the city of Sopron, perhaps in order to set the two states at odds. His government succeeded in having a plebiscite held that was not provided for in the treaty, and Sopron was returned to Hungary. Of all the successes achieved by Count Bethlen in the last ten years, this was perhaps the one that strengthened his authority and pleased his people most.

No sooner was the Sopron question settled than King Charles returned unexpectedly. Civil war threatened, and foreign pressure forced the Hungarian government to pass a law excluding the Habsburg family from the throne—a bitter humiliation for a people who still considered the crown of Saint Stephen the symbol of national grandeur.

ALL this while, financial disorder was growing, inflation had begun, and poverty was increasing. Count Bethlen had to ask for foreign aid. Thanks to the League of Nations, assistance was rendered on terms in no way degrading to national honor, and Mr. Jeremiah Smith, the high commissioner sent to Hungary by the League, was even able to achieve genuine popularity through his tact and generosity. Since then, Hungary's foreign and domestic situation has improved continuously. Count Bethlen succeeded in uniting the two pro-government parties, representing the city bourgeois and the peasants, and he developed the Con-

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stitution by establishing a partially elected, partially appointed Upper Chamber.

In the realm of foreign policy, the disagreeable affair of the Szent-Gotthárd machine guns passed off with hardly a ripple, and the optants question was disposed of along with reparations. Count Bethlen undertook a series of visits to foreign capitals, which may not have had any great practical value, but which restored his people's sense of freedom and self-confidence, and, by giving them a feeling of equality with other nations, led them to accept their fate patiently.

National policy is a complex thing. Domestic necessities do not always agree with diplomatic needs. The Hungarian people, still morally shaken and hard hit by the agrarian crisis, needs an authoritative régime. The morale of the nation demands a constant invocation of national unity and a carefully fostered hope of frontier revision. But in the Europe of to-day no country can get along by itself, least of all the weaker ones. International collaboration is a necessity of life for Hungary. For how is it possible to save agriculture, on which commerce and industry depend, except by gaining the confidence of the countries to which exports are made? Now confidence cannot be commandeered; it must be inspired. And a truly democratic régime inspires it more easily than an oligarchy, and silence on certain burning questions may perhaps be wiser and more fruitful than sterile protests.

On these contradictions Count Bethlen's policy rests. They sometimes make it difficult to understand, but they are its driving force. At home, a combination of democracy and dictatorship; abroad, a combination of collaboration and complaint. Who dares assert that any other policy is possible, or, at any rate, preferable? Italian revisionism and Lord Rothermere's campaign may have troubled the tranquillity of Europe but they served to give oxygen to stifling peoples who were being led by despair to act unadvisedly.

Thus Count Bethlen's policy, which is often condemned abroad as a prestige policy, may really be a policy of peace.

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Writing from Java, a Dutchman in the merchant marine outlines a staggering prophecy of the next war, inspired by an unpublished pamphlet by a high official from British India who forecast the last one in the same way. Japan is portrayed as the villain of the piece.

East *against* WEST

By F. H. DONNER

Translated from the *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik*
Berlin Political and Scientific Monthly

OUR physical knowledge of the earth tells us that its two hemispheres are each divided into three zones. These include the uninhabited northern and southern polar regions, the temperate zones, and the tropical zone. Since there is more dry land in the Northern Hemisphere, and since man is a land-dwelling animal, the centres of human culture have developed in the temperate zone of the Northern Hemisphere. Indeed, the Garden of Eden itself must have been situated in this quarter and not in the Tropics.

The centres of culture in past history have included Egypt, Greece, and Rome on the Mediterranean, and Persia, India, and China in Asia. What happened before these civilizations existed only the immortal gods know. We can but conjecture as to the culture of Atlantis, the Aryans, the Aztecs, and so forth. But the important thing is that all these centres of culture lie within the same parallels of latitude, not of longitude. What, then, is more natural than that every century should have discussed the opposition between East and West? Whether Alexander of Macedon was waging war on Persia or whether Attila was waging war on Europe, the ground swell runs always from east to west or vice versa.

After the decline of Roman culture and the rise of Western Europe, the Crusades brought East and West into conflict. The navigation of Cape Horn, the extension of Portugal's power to

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India and to the East, the seizure of this power by Holland and Great Britain reveal this conflict clearly. When the English consolidated their Empire and forced the Dutch out of India toward the east, darker shadows began to fall. The lines of conflict became more marked in the Indian Mutiny of 1857, in Gordon's expedition to Khartum in 1884, and in 1896 when the Italians fought at Adua.

The East awakened. The knocking at the windows of Asia by the Portuguese, Spanish, English, and finally the Americans succeeded in arousing Japan from its lethargy. The peace of Shimonoseki awoke Japan's self-consciousness. The peace of Portsmouth in 1905 gave Japan a sense of her own unique value, and after the peace of Versailles in 1918 Japan began dreaming of herself as an arbiter of world destiny.

Something more than contempt for death and fanatical conviction of a reward in the beyond gave the Orientals such power. A keen, all-seeing diplomacy, a skill at intrigue such as the world has never before seen, represent the reverse side of the same movement that is being supported by greedy, ignorant Jewish high finance and other international groups which do not understand the aims of their opponents and which believe that a brother Asiatic can be as truly steeped in Western culture as a European.

There is no room here to go into the details of the Gilinsky Document, whereby Russia in 1904 sold out to Japan for forty-six million yen, nor have we time to discuss General Hoffmann's bitter diary, in which he wrote on March 23, 1916: 'International high finance has won, we are not to be allowed to destroy England,' after instructions had been given to curtail U-boat warfare. But I should refer anyone interested in the subject to Putnam Weale's books, *The Truth about China and Japan* and *An Indiscreet Chronicle from the Pacific;* to A. M. Pooley's *Japan's Foreign Policies* and *Japan at the Crossroads*, forbidden in Japan; and to Volume One of General Hoffmann's *War Diaries and Other Papers* published in London by Martin Secker.

Let us now endeavor to represent by means of maps the great antithesis that existed 'in days gone by' and to forecast the future. Perhaps such an effort will open the eyes of those who are struggling to support the culture that is their inheritance. In any case, the final decision will be reached on the high seas.

Those whose duty it is to lead the countries now threatened with danger can reckon on success only if they seek out the roots of the forces of unrest and terrorism. The profession of *agent provocateur* is a very popular one, bribery is even more common, and intimidation is practised every day.

These are the theses to keep before our eyes: First, peace in the East means war in the West, and vice versa. Secondly, the European will always get the worst of it with the Asiatic, and the more the European is animated by a highly developed feeling for humanity (although stupidity is a much better word), the worse is his defeat. Thirdly, all colonial powers, England included, must unite against the danger that is now threatening, and Singapore, not Sabang, must be our base. The second thesis applies especially to government officials with strong ethical convic-

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tions. The third thesis applies chiefly to the English, who as recently as 1906 still believed in splendid isolation.

THESE three theses were first written down in the year 1906. They represent the experience and reflections of a man who spent thirty years as a British official in India. They were published in 1908 in pamphlet form as a vindication of their author and as evidence to future generations that scorn and calumny are the portion of farsighted spirits. Only two hundred copies were printed and they never came into general circulation. The author's lack of sarcasm or his reverence for a government that he had served for thirty years, a government that had prepared to put in charge of a territory extending as far as from Ireland to the Caspian Sea a man who had never crossed the Equator, prevented him from giving his ideas wide publicity. He felt that dirty linen should be washed at home and only distributed his pamphlets to members of the government and to sympathetic friends.

The years 1914–1918 proved that his vision had not been dimmed by his fear of Japan. The dotted ellipse on the upper map represents the Western sphere of power, and the striped ellipse indicates the Asiatic sphere. This map was drawn in 1906. Germany did not stand isolated, as was commonly believed in 1914. One central line of force ran from Turkey across Asia and on to Tokyo. Germany was starved out because her diplomats were too stupid to win Rumania over to their side. A country wedged between the Central Powers and Turkey was able by virtue of English money to become one of the chief causes of the German defeat.

The two focal points of the dotted ellipse were Washington and Paris. The two focal points of the striped ellipse were Constantinople and Tokyo. Notice that Central Europe lies within both the dotted and the striped ellipse. This was the region where it would be determined whether Washington and Paris or Constantinople and Tokyo exercised the greater force of attraction. The policy of France and England forced Central Europe to seek support in the East.

The territory included by both ellipses was the scene of the most active political intrigue and violence. The diplomacy of the Borgias and the Medicis was an idyl of love compared with this kind of policy. At the present time British India, the Indian States, China, Manchuria, Mongolia, and the East Indies are the territories where similar forces of intrigue are operating.

The dotted and striped ellipses on the lower map show the fields of forces as they will exist in 1934—Asia against the white race. The territory that they both cover will be the scene of the explosion. But, just as in 1914 the first explosions occurred on the overlapping edges, so in 1934 Mesopotamia, Alaska, and India will be the scenes of the first conflagrations, which, however, will be lit from the centre.

I have always questioned whether Germany was actually isolated in 1914. Perhaps it was materially cut off, since it was forever talking of the danger of being starved into submission, but morally it did not stand alone. Unquestionably the Central Powers possessed Western culture, yet

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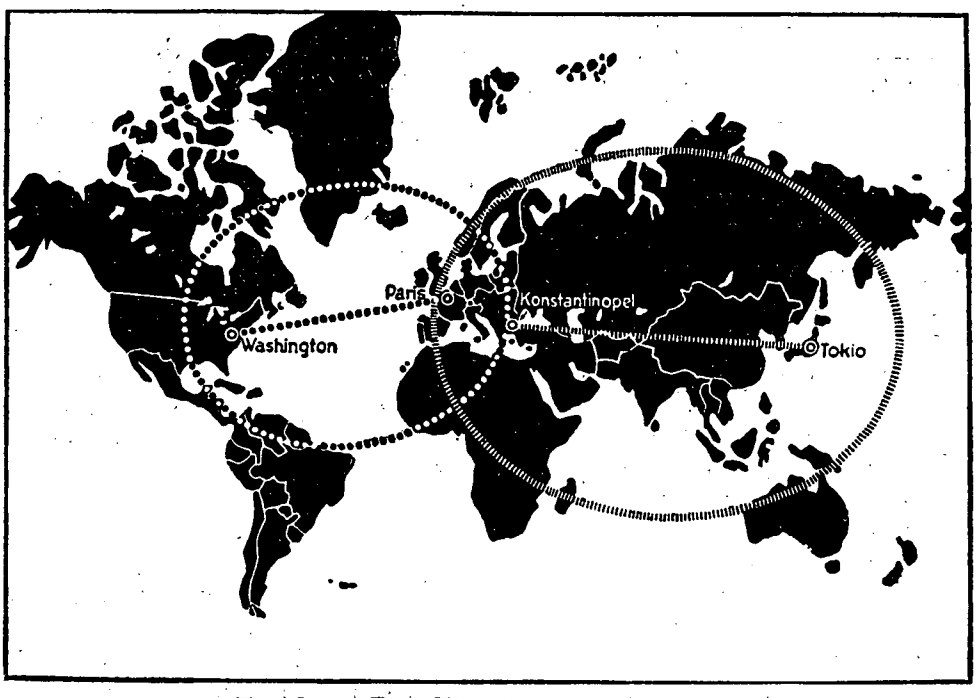
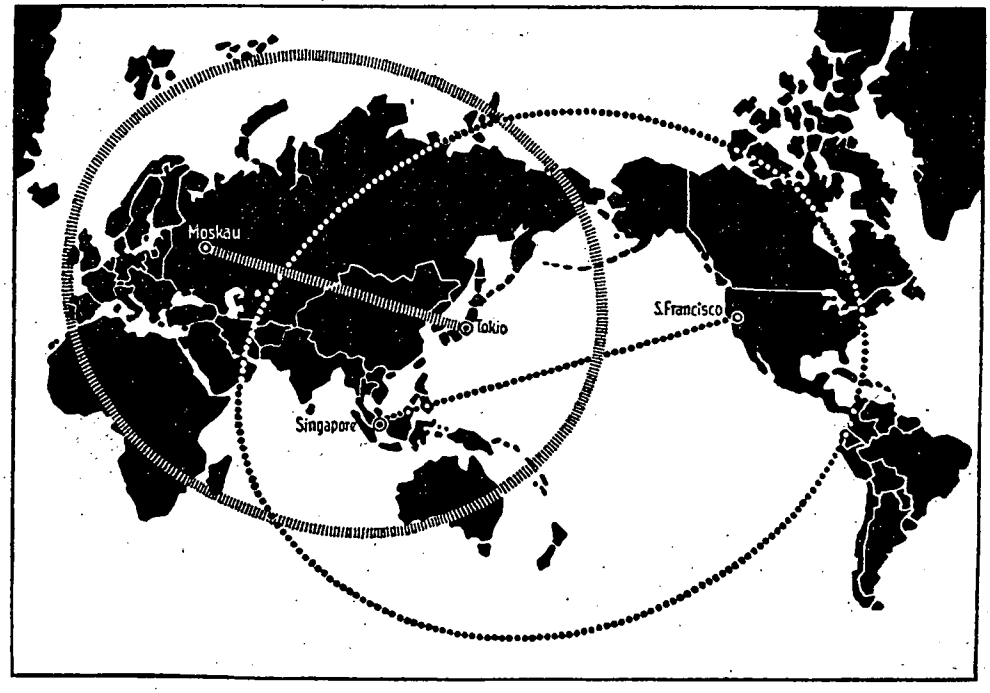


THE GREAT EAST–WEST ANTITHESIS, 1914–1918



THE GREAT EAST–WEST ANTITHESIS, 1934?

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necessity forced them to accept allies from the East, and the East turned the Central Powers to its own advantage. The defections that occurred during the War in Russia and Turkey indicated that Central Europe belongs to Western culture. Diplomatic and military conferences both big and small had to be held all the time to appease these two countries, and it was not the East that made sacrifices.

Russia first showed her colors in 1917, though from the beginning of the War she had been thinking in Asiatic terms. Russian friendship with Western Central Europe was never great, and Turkey has always been a-hundred-per-cent Asiatic. And did the great *auctor intellectualis* of the Asiatic ellipse of power, the official ally of England, think in Western terms? Not at all. Here are the proofs that Tokyo in 1914 was thinking in Asiatic terms, unconcerned by its alliance with the Western powers. First, it permitted the Spee squadron of German vessels to escape. Secondly, it prevented China from entering the War in 1915. Thirdly, the newspapers of Tokyo publicly supported the German cause in 1916, when Verdun was threatened and the fiasco in the Dardanelles had just occurred. Fourthly, secret negotiations were entered into by Japanese and German representatives at Stockholm. Fifthly, secret arrangements, published after the Revolution, were made with Tsarist Russia concerning Manchuria. Sixthly, Japan demanded the right to occupy Borneo in 1916. As Putnam Weale says in *The Truth about China and Japan:* 'This "loyalty" during the War did not hesitate to demand a free hand in Borneo and the Dutch East Indies in 1916 as the price for military coöperation in Mesopotamia and the Near East at the lowest ebb of British war fortunes.'

The great mistake that the West made was to think that the East could feel as the West did. The enormous duplicities of the Japanese statesmen worked so well that this Utopian condition was able to last until 1921, when the Anglo-Japanese alliance was finally terminated. Canada and Australia refused to go through with it any longer and the West suddenly woke up, rubbed its eyes, and sought out bits of ground in Singapore, Pearl Harbor, and Esquimalt and began building naval bases. The catastrophe in Tokyo on September 1, 1923, that destroyed all the bunker oil of the Japanese fleet gave MacDonald the opportunity to announce that the Singapore base would be built more slowly and not completed until 1933.

MEANWHILE, the left focal point of the striped ellipse has moved northward to Moscow. The Five-Year Plan must succeed in 1934. The dotted ellipse has been active in the Pacific, building naval bases at Singapore, Pearl Harbor, and San Francisco. It is bigger than the 1914–1918 ellipse and will include all the Occidental countries both East and West. The territory covered by both ellipses is greater than it was twenty years ago. India will not be spared. Let us hope that the West understands the situation and does not waste its strength in European quarrels. The mistake of 1914 was too serious for the West to permit itself to allow its brothers to kill each other a second time.

Remember that the upper map was

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drawn in 1906. Its author had no idea what course history would follow. The fog of mystification that permitted the Anglo-Japanese treaty to be made had not disappeared at that time. The varnish of a European empire had not yet been scratched off Russia. This man alone believed in the great antithesis—'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.' He alone saw the two ellipses overlapping in Europe and knew that this meant war there. A voice of warning announced: 'Peoples of Europe, protect your sacred goods.' He could not untangle matters but he felt that peace in the East meant war in the West, and vice versa. The man who drew this map died in 1913 without witnessing the cataclysm of 1914–1918. Now that that storm has subsided and the horizon is gradually clearing, his successor, putting a telescope to his eye, sees rising from a blood-red ocean the Moscow Hammer and Sickle waving from the mastheads of the Japanese fleet, and draws the conclusion that Europe, with Germany as its centre, did not stand alone in 1914. It was the point of the Asiatic egg, which was tapping against the egg of the West in order that this Western egg might be cracked. The great mistake of the West was that it allowed Central Europe to be used as the point of the Asiatic bayonet.

I have drawn the second map in the spirit of the man who drew the first one. Again the fogs are gathering, concealing the true manœuvres. But there have been agitations in Harbin, a bank incident in Vladivostok, and troubles throughout China and India. Constantinople has disappeared as a focal point. Angora is too weak. Moscow is better. The striped ellipse has mighty capacities. The dotted ellipse must strengthen itself on the Pacific. The explosion, when contact eventually occurs, will be many times greater than that of 1914.

The map of 1914 can now be understood. And the 1934 map should mean that a graphic representation of future fields of war can be constructed by discovering the two ellipses of power, provided these ellipses are outlined with good judgment. The supernational party, otherwise known as high finance, which is putting the match to this benzine container can only be committed to the mercy of the Almighty.

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Asia Minor, and with it the whole Orient, is reacting against the West. A man on the spot shows what American missionaries have done in Beirut.

America in BEIRUT

By Leo Matthias

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*
Berlin International Monthly

One can now fly from Damascus, 'the oldest city in the world,' over the Syrian Desert to Bagdad. From Bagdad one can fly across central India to Delhi, or, by way of Teheran, straight across Central Asia to Moscow, or, again, one can fly over Arabia to Cairo. There is hardly a single large city in the Near East from which one cannot reach any other large city by air. Persia can be entirely circled by airplane, for the Junkers concern of Germany has established a regular service. Veiled women often ride in these flying machines, and by noticing how their noses protrude from their veils one can see that they are looking about them curiously.

Then, too, there are private airplanes in the Near East. The Imam of Yemen, a backward little South Arabian state bordering the Red Sea and possessing one of the few untapped gold fields in the world, a country once ruled by the Queen of Sheba, is having a private machine for his own use built in Dessau. And, since he cannot purchase outright a German pilot to run the plane, he has to hire one, signing a contract to pay in dollars. This pilot, whom I met in Shiraz, is the only man in the world who has seen certain portions of the former domain of the Queen of Sheba. No European who has traveled there by camel has ever come back alive.

I asked him what his work in Yemen was like. 'Generally, I have nothing to do but bring fresh fruit to the palace every day. This fruit can only be found in the mountains and the Imam usually lives by the seacoast.'

The Orient has become much more comfortable. Anyone who wants to visit one of its big cities need not bring a tent with him, as he had to do

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only a few decades ago. Bagdad possesses a Claridge Hotel, and in Shiraz there is a little six-room hotel that has not only good beds but good food, consisting, however, exclusively of partridges. All the big cities have electric light, cabarets, and radio. You can hear German ministers speaking in Berlin, and you can follow the price of sugar. But radio sets are comparatively rare, because they require six or seven tubes to get the distant stations, and only Cairo and Bombay have broadcasting plants. But there are phonographs everywhere, even in darkest Kurdistan. Little villages too small to support a mosque have phonographs.

Automobiles, hotels, airplanes, phonographs. In the Near East, as in all other parts of the world, European-American civilization is being assimilated backward, the latest inventions coming first. Aleppo, one of the three biggest cities in Syria, has no water supply, nor has Jerusalem, Bagdad, or Teheran, all of them capitals. Civilization begins by dotting the *i*. People attach more importance to wearing a good hat than they do to what the hat covers.

This is no metaphor. It is actually true. In this respect the Near East has become completely modern. In Persia the self-made Emperor, Riza Shah, suddenly ordered his ten million subjects to exchange their Persian clothes for European dress. He forbade the use of the turban, which is wound round the head as a constant reminder that man will die and be wrapped in a shroud—which perhaps explains why people always take as long as possible to buy one. He also forbade the *aba*, a brown cloak of camel's hair that is light yet warm and offers excellent protection against sandstorms. Orders were given for everyone to wear overcoats, which, however, could not be pulled up over the face, and hats, which made one hot and kept blowing away. The ordinance about the hats in particular caused many sleepless nights, until finally many people solved the difficulty by wearing hats, but keeping their turbans on underneath. Fortunately, failure to obey these clothing ordinances was not punished with a jail sentence, and most Persians soon resumed their comfortable costumes, which are much better suited to their climate. Only the hat has remained, for it expresses loyalty to the new dynasty, since all Persians wear the same kind of hat that the Shah does. This hat is the Austrian military cap.

Throughout the Orient the hat plays a surprisingly important rôle. King Feisal of Irak, son of the former Emir of Mecca and King of the Hejaz, has attacked the hat question and come to another solution. He wears the Scottish military cap without ribbons. Thus all the Arabians in Irak who attach importance to cosmopolitan distinction or want to express their loyalty follow his example, and at Bagdad, the capital, one already sees more Scottish caps than Arabian turbans.

Many natives realize that it would be better to build schools with the money now spent buying hats, and although we Europeans may overestimate the value of knowing how to read and write, all of us have mastered this art, and whoever wants to compete with us must use our weapons. Yet only a very small proportion of Asiatics are literate. The state of Lebanon in Syria, with sixty per cent

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of its population literate, has the highest average of any Asiatic country, with the exception of Japan. Even in India, where conditions are relatively favorable, only ten million of its three hundred million inhabitants are literate, in other words, three per cent.

Efforts have been made to correct this condition. But money and teachers are lacking, and even when both the money and the teaching staff exist, the teachers are often hostile to the Government, and the results of their labors are precisely the opposite of what they ought to be.

BUT the Jesuits and the Americans have long profited by this situation. In Beirut, in Syria, one Jesuit and one American university have existed for many years, and they are the only two big European institutions this side of the Indian frontier. All students in the Near East who do not go to Europe or America come here to Beirut for their education. What is their purpose? What has this education accomplished?

The Jesuits arrived first. They founded their university in 1831, and in recent years they have had an average annual enrollment of 1,000 students. On top of this thousand there are also some 9,000 school children who receive primary education in scattered Jesuit schools in Damascus, Homs, Aleppo, and so on. Since there are 113,000 school children in all of Syria, which has a population of 2,500,000, the Society of Jesus teaches about 9 per cent of the total student body.

Here, as in all Asia, the success of the missionaries does not seem to be very great. But they know how to hold their own, and their primary schools, which are free, are chiefly devoted to this end. The Jesuits also control an Arabian newspaper, a big printing press, and various seminaries for Oriental Christian sects. Many priests of these sects,—Maronites, Melchites, Syrians, Armenians, and Chaldeans,—which split off from Rome in the early days of the Church only to return during the last few centuries, now receive their education from the Jesuits.

The number of Mohammedan students is small. The Mohammedans do not like the University of Saint Joseph because the fathers who teach there are too eager to convert them. Everything in this college serves one purpose. You cannot go from the left wing to the right wing of the university or from the ground floor to the first story without passing a chapel auditorium, a hundred and fifty feet long and sixty feet high, which stands in the middle of the building. 'Une galerie, à la hauteur du premier étage, en fait le tour.'

As I read this statement and lay aside the little prospectus in which it appears, a second prospectus drops out of the first and I find these words under a wonderful picture the length of five post cards: 'Athletics: Football, Hockey, Handball, Volley Ball, Baseball, Tennis, Track and Field Sports, Swimming.' And just above this, directly under the picture, it reads: 'Fifty-Five Acres,' 'Fifty-Two Buildings,' 'A Sycamore Park by the Sea,' 'Library,' 'Dormitories,' 'Recreation Hall.' The whole prospectus is entitled 'American University of Beirut.'

But, confound it, nobody should dream of such a school as this. The grounds are so large that they look

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like a sanctuary for heaven on earth. A whole city has been built up within another city. There are streets, alleys, paths, and squares. There are whole buildings that contain just a laboratory, kitchen, bakery, library, or observatory. It is impossible to estimate how many rooms these buildings contain. They are full of halls, big and little reading rooms, dining rooms, ping-pong rooms, and music rooms. There are bulletin boards, sprinkling machines, students, cooks, scrubwomen, gardeners, professors, and newsboys everywhere—people from two and twenty different nations, all of them flourishing and living high on money from the United States.

If I were a theological student here I should have to make a mental reservation every time these Americans addressed me as 'brother.' Yet one cannot help standing in open-mouthed amazement at all their activity. How is it that this university has only one hundred and fifty more students than the Jesuit university? The reason is that the figures are not comparable, since the Jesuit university has two more faculties, an engineering school and a seminary for priests. If one compares the main bodies of the two schools, the American University has twice as many students, more than half of whom are not Christians. It could not be otherwise. The two hundred and fourteen professors who teach here come from ten different religious sects and fourteen different nations. Yet all of them must go to church every Sunday morning.

On this point the Americans are unrelenting. But talk to the students and you will discover that not one of them, even if he is a devil-worshiper, regards this duty as painful. Quite the contrary. They go to church gladly, for there are no prayers at these Sunday-morning services and no sermon, simply a speech delivered by a professor who deals with some moral problem. As a rule, all the rest of Sunday is devoted to discussing the problem raised in the morning.

The Jesuits are said to be the cleverest Christians, but in this case the Americans are cleverer. And since I have quoted from the prospectus of the Jesuit university, now let me quote from the prospectus of the American University. 'The University has an enrollment of 540 non-Christians who are encouraged to maintain respect for all that is uplifting in their own religions.'

Moreover, the tuition at this university is very cheap, so cheap that American students have pretended they were Asiatics in order to take advantage of it. A student does not need more than $400 or $450 a year, since the university bears sixty per cent of the expenses. Its resources, which proceed from the Rockefeller Foundation, now amount to $3,000,000, and this sum will soon be increased to $4,500,000. The annual budget amounts to about one-eighth of this total, and the graduates leave the university European-Americans at heart.

WHAT happens to them then? 'Light of my eyes, Ali, my son and my support. Forgive me the sin that I have committed, for I have become weary and disappointed by life. I have never had pleasure in my life, nor joy, nor honor. I have endured all manner of contempt and scorn, and all for the sake of this holy

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land in which my father and my father's father lived happily.' Disillusioned words. Who wrote them? A man who studied at the American University, Abdul Mohsen es Sa'dun, a former prime minister of Irak, an Arab, and a suicide. Among all the millions of Arabs there is only about one suicide every ten years.

What had happened? Wedged between the British Government, with its mandate over Irak, and his own people, whom he loved, he could find no way out. Educated in the best schools in the European fashion, an Arab and a European at the same time, in so far as one can be both at once, a man with few equals in all Irak, a man well qualified to serve his country, he failed as soon as he attempted to fulfill his mission. He was destined to negotiate between the power supported by cannons and his own Arabs. He spoke both languages, knew the habits of both people, and as long as he was on the spot misunderstanding was impossible. But he failed. And he failed just as the negroes who stand between their own race and the white people have failed, or as the Indians have failed, or the proletarians when they have tried to negotiate with capitalists.

There were just two ways out and both were closed to Es Sa'dun. He was too honorable a man to become a cynic—that was his Arabian inheritance; and he was too weak a man to become a revolutionist—that was the result of the American University. 'Athletics: Football, Hockey, Track and Field Sports.' It is not easy to rise in revolt against those whose sports one has learned to enjoy at a university. The high commissioner of Irak, who lives in a lovely palace on the banks of the Tigris in Bagdad, reported that Es Sa'dun had tea with him often. There was no need for these visits and Es Sa'dun could have stayed away. But he came because he again found here what he had once loved as a student. He felt comfortable in European circles. Or, as the high commissioner said, in European 'society.' But the German word, '*Kreis*' (circle), is much better. Society is only a circle of circles, and these circles include speech, sport, education, dress, habits, interests. All of which form a circle.

In Palestine, Transjordania, Irak, and India, it is always the same. The best of the natives are the most unhappy. What can they do? It is not easy to find an answer to this question.

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True to its policy of anonymous contributions, the *Times Literary Supplement* presents this important criticism of a new book of Keats's letters edited by Maurice Buxton Forman and published by the Oxford University Press.

Letters of KEATS

By A 'TIMES' REVIEWER

From the *Times Literary Supplement*.
London Book-Review Weekly

THIRTY YEARS separate the first publication of Keats's letters in full by Mr. Harry Buxton Forman from this new and completer edition by Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman. In those thirty years the value of the letters has been securely established. Not only do they tell the tragic story of a brave man's joy in life and his suffering in death, but they afford a unique revelation of the inward growth of a poetic nature of the richest kind. The story of the man and the history of the poet can be separated from one another only by a certain arbitrariness, above all in the case of one who, like Keats, made the experience of his heart the Bible of his mind; but if a distinction necessary for the sake of discourse be allowed, we may say that the importance of the new additions to the body of Keats's correspondence lies mainly in the enrichment they give to our picture of the poet's mind. That enrichment is positive.

'When Man,' Keats wrote in one of his happiest letters to J. H. Reynolds, 'has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect any one grand and spiritual passage [of prose or poetry] serves him as a starting-post towards all "the two-and-thirty Palaces."' And this is peculiarly true of passages in Keats's own letters. For utterance was with him always the gesture of the complete man. Of abstract intellectual play with concepts and possibilities there is practically none. He can be wayward with gusto, make bad jokes, and play the fool, but his spontaneity is such that we are conscious of no real interruption when he passes swiftly from irresponsible gaiety into that passion-

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ate search after truth to which his whole life was bent. He is like a gull, rising and swooping in one perfect and unbroken motion. Nor is it surprising that some such image seems to have been constant before his mind's eye, to express his own intuition of the poetic nature:—

> The difference of high Sensations with and without knowledge appears to me this: in the latter case we are falling continually ten thousand fathoms deep and being blown up again without wings and with all [the] horror of a bare shoulderd creature—in the former case, our shoulders are fledge, and we go thro' the same air and space without fear. (*May* 3, 1818.)

How to reconcile 'sensation' and 'knowledge' was the great problem of Keats's life; and the image of the bird returns at crucial moments when he is being exercised by it. Was Wordsworth, he wondered in the same letter to Reynolds, 'an eagle in his nest or on the wing'? A year later, in March 1819, it is before his mind's eye again:—

> Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel. By a superior being our reasonings may take the same tone—though erroneous they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists poetry, and if so it is not so fine a thing as philosophy—For the same reason that an eagle is not so fine a thing as a truth.

In reading such a passage one remembers Keats's earlier words: 'I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consequitive reasoning.' It sounds strange; yet Keats's letters, when most pregnant and profound, are a direct evidence of that positive incapacity. They have no 'consequitive reasoning'; they have instead something altogether more astonishing, a swift and certain progress of the pure imagination. And this imagination, as Keats said in the same letter in which he confessed his inability to see how truth could be attained by 'consequitive reasoning,' was authentic. 'What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth.'

This progress of the pure imagination toward truth, indeed, of which Keats's letters afford so many marvelous examples, Keats pictured to himself as the flight of a bird, as in the 'Lines to Fanny':—

> When, howe'er poor and particolour'd things,
> My muse had wings,
> And ever ready was to take her course
> Whither I bent her force,
> Unintellectual, yet divine to me:—
> Divine, I say!—What sea-bird o'er the sea
> Is a philosopher the while he goes
> Winging along where the great water throes?

That final and magnificent line—'Winging along where the great water throes'—is perfectly descriptive of the power and sweep of Keats's imagination in pursuit of the truth which 'consequitive reasoning' can never apprehend. Now Keats once more vindicates its 'authenticity.' Unintellectual, yes, 'but divine to me. *Divine, I say!*' Thirty years before, the voice of one crying in the wilderness had proclaimed precisely the truth that Keats sought to utter. Keats had never read the seven principles that Blake etched in 1788, with the title, 'All Religions Are One.' How he would have thrilled to the enunciation of the argument! 'As the true method of knowledge is experiment, the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of.'

Blake's name for the true faculty of knowing, which must be the faculty that experiences, was the 'poetic

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genius.' 'Divine, I say,' cried Keats. 'Divine, I say,' Blake had cried before him. And Blake before him had said that this divinity was not supernatural; it was not infused by inspiration from beyond, but was achieved in the perfect unfolding of man himself. 'The Poetic Genius is the true Man.' Therefore, it was common to all men. 'As all men are alike in outward form, so (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius.' The poet, if he were indeed a true poet, was simply the true man with the power of utterance. The power of utterance was accidental, even irrelevant; that man should become man was essential. This was Keats's faith also.

Poesy alone can tell her dreams,—
With the fine spell of words alone can save
Imagination from the sable chain
And dumb enchantment. Who alive can say
'Thou art no Poet—may'st not tell thy dreams?'
Since every man whose soul is not a clod
Hath visions and would speak, if he had lov'd
And been well-nurtured in his mother tongue.

KEATS'S notion of the 'naturalness' of poetry, which was fundamental to his thinking, is really identical with Blake's conviction that the poetic genius is the true man; or, as he expressed it later and in words still more arresting, that 'the Imagination is not a State; it is Existence itself.' Hence comes the seeming paradox, on which Keats insisted, that poetry 'should strike the Reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a Remembrance'; for this is really a corollary of Blake's statement that all men are alike in the poetic genius.

The most absorbing interest of the new additions to Keats's letters is the further illumination that they throw upon his conception of and faith in the imagination. A hitherto missing passage from his letter to Bailey of November 5, 1817, contains this:—

O for a recourse somewhat human independant of the great Consolations of Religion and undepraved Sensations—of the Beautiful—the poetical in all things—O for a Remedy against such wrongs within the pale of the World!

The wrongs were the contemptuous treatment of Bailey by a bishop. They may be forgotten. But how are we to read Keats's words? Is he speaking of the consolations of the beautiful—the poetical in all things; or of the consolation afforded by undepraved sensations of the beautiful—the poetical in all things? Surely there can be no real doubt that the latter is his meaning, and that the phrase points forward first to his next letter to Bailey (November 22, 1817)—the famous letter in which he proclaims himself 'certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination,' and confesses his inability to perceive 'how anything can be known for truth by consequitive reasoning.' In fact, we are now given a new and direct clue to the real meaning of the notorious phrase that Keats's transcendent genius has fully lived down only of late: 'O for a Life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts!' It follows immediately after his scepticism of reasoning, and his supreme claim for the imagination. What we should call the perception of 'the beautiful, the poetical in all things,' Keats called a 'sensation'; and one of the reasons why he called it a sensation is that he experienced it with overpowering force. With equal directness the new-found passage points still further forward to 'the mighty

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abstract Idea I have of Beauty in all things', with which Keats 'stifled' the thought of happiness in the love of a woman, in the months when his brother Tom was dying. And yet another fresh clue to the depth of meaning contained in the word 'sensation' as Keats used it is given by the new reading in the passage (September 21, 1819) in which he announces to his brother that he has abandoned 'Hyperion.' Previously it stood:—

> I have but lately stood on my guard against Milton. Life to him would be death to me. Miltonic verse cannot be written but is [? as] the verse of art. I wish to devote myself to another verse alone.

It now appears that the last two words have been misread; they are in reality one single word: 'sensation.' And this brings the passage into complete accord with the one written on the same day and the same subject to Reynolds:—

> I have given up Hyperion—there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful or rather artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations.

The 'sensation' to which he gave himself up was the writing of the 'Ode to Autumn.'

So we discover that for Keats 'sensation' culminated in the writing of his richest poetry; this was his supreme 'sensation.' And again if we ask why he used the word in this curious way, why he described his self-surrender to the 'unintellectual' and instinctive posture that uttered itself in his richest poetry as 'giving himself up to a sensation,' the final answer must be sought in the peculiar unity of his own nature, and in the beliefs derived from his own experience. Keats, like Blake, believed absolutely in the unity of man; and, like Blake, he paid the price of his belief in self-annihilation. His use of the word 'sensation' is his independent testimony to the truth of Blake's dictum, in 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell,' that 'Man has no Body distinct from his Soul; for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discerned by the five senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.' This absolute rejection of dualism was always implicit in Keats; it was an instinctive faith with him, which the bitterest experiences of his life only served to refine and make stronger. A man's soul was to Keats nothing more, and nothing less, than his own achieved unity, which supervened on the resolution of his conflicting elements into harmony. This being his belief, and his experience, it was natural to him, above all since he was the perfection of manly modesty, to include experiences for which less courageous men must needs have sublimer names under the simple name, 'sensations.' For him, the most heroic act of self-abnegation, of that disinterestedness which he valued beyond all other human qualities, would have been the self-surrender of the hero to a rare 'sensation.' It was not that Keats desired to prick the bubble of the sublime and the transcendental; never was a man more inwardly secure against the poison of cynicism than he; but he longed to know and to face the truth of things. Ignorance was a veritable agony to him. Reality alone could content him. As he said to Brown, 'Imaginary grievances have always been more my torment than real ones'; and nothing was more deeply characteristic of him than his natural faith in actual experience. It had for him always its own immediate validity. It was, so to speak, beyond

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good and evil simply because it was experience, whether it were pain or joy. So he could, without a trace of self-deception or bravado, 'welcome joy and welcome sorrow,' and declare:—

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine.

We have quoted Blake: 'The true faculty of knowing is the faculty that experiences.' It is an exact statement of Keats's meaning when he longed for a life of sensations rather than thoughts; and, although it is customary to suspect the philosophy of poets, this simple assertion will outlast the speculations of many more abstruse metaphysicians. Immediate and fundamental experiences of whatever kind, from the pleasure of claret to the direct vision of beauty in all things, are what Keats means by 'sensations.' The chief difficulty is to determine what was the connection between 'sensation' and 'imagination,' or rather at what point 'sensation' passes into what we should more naturally call 'imagination.' To this inquiry a passage from one of the new letters (to Tom Keats, June 25, 1818) is immediately relevant. In it he describes the waterfalls at Ambleside.

What astonishes me more than any thing is the tone, the coloring, the slate, the stone, the moss, the rock-weed; or, if I may say so, the intellect, the countenance of such places. The space, the magnitude of mountains and waterfalls are well imagined before one sees them; but this countenance or intellectual tone must surpass every imagination and defy any remembrance. I shall learn poetry here and shall henceforth write more than ever, for the abstract endeavor of being able to add a mite to that mass of beauty which is harvested from these grand materials, by the finest spirits, and put into etherial existence for the relish of one's fellows. I cannot think with Hazlitt that these scenes make man appear little. I never forgot my stature so completely—I live in the eye; and my imagination, surpassed, is at rest.

ONE does not wonder that Keats found it hard to fit a name to the essential beauty of which he has so distinct and overpowering a sensation; even the few philosophers who have been aware of its existence have sought painfully for a word. The most venerable is the scholastic 'quiddity.' Keats himself was later to use the admirable word 'identity' for it. It is the individual and indefeasible uniqueness of the object; 'the being what it is' of Aristotle's phrase. With this, in Keats's view, the poet was supremely concerned; by his power to distinguish and apprehend and be receptive to this 'identity' he is a poet. Hence he says that among scenes that arouse this sensation in him 'he will learn poetry.' These sensations are harvested into a mass of beauty, and then put into ethereal existence by the writing of a poem. The actual process is glanced at in a letter to Haydon where Keats speaks of 'the innumerable compositions and decompositions which take place between the intellect and its thousand materials before it arrives at the trembling, delicate and snail-horn perception of beauty.' This final perception is, however, itself a sensation, in Keats's language. Imagination, on the other hand, as the passage quoted shows, seems to be in the main a subordinate faculty. It is abstract, and its adjective is rather 'imaginary' than 'imaginative'; it has to be given reality, or 'identity,' by sensation. And this is what Keats meant when he wrote of his Highland journey:—

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I should not have consented to give myself these four months tramping in the highlands, but that I thought it would give me more experience, rub off more prejudice, use to more hardship, identify finer scenes, load me with grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in poetry, than would stopping at home among books, even though I should reach Homer.

'To identify a finer scene' is exactly the process described in the new letter; it is to give an imaginary scene 'identity' through the immediate sensation of actual experience. We find the same depreciation of imagination in the curious sonnet in the churchyard at Dumfries:—

For who has mind to relish, Minos-wise,
The Real of Beauty, free from that dead hue
Sickly imagination and sick pride
Cast wan upon it!

Here the 'Real of Beauty,' which was for Keats hardly different from the beauty of the real, is apprehended by sensation and veiled by imagination. It is manifest that imagination in this sense is quite different from the imagination that seizes truth in the form of beauty. That assertion seems to find its apt commentary in Keats's later confession: 'I can never feel certain of any truth but from a clear perception of its beauty.' Such a clear perception would be, in Keats's usual language, a sensation; and that is implied by the sequence of thought in his letter proclaiming the authenticity of the imagination, for he obviously includes both the affections of the heart and the imagination in the sensations that he longs for.

The real solution of this ambiguity in Keats's use of the word 'imagination' is to be sought in the growth of Keats's self-knowledge, and the development of his genius. Consciously or unconsciously, he was being driven to discard the word from his vocabulary, except in the sense of a faculty inferior to sensation. Early in his career, at the beginning of 'Endymion,' he declared that whereas invention was the polestar, and fancy the sails, imagination was the rudder of poetry; and, again, in defending the famous passage of 'Endymion'—'Wherein lies blessedness, Peona?'—to Taylor, he says that, when he wrote it, 'it was a regular stepping of the Imagination towards a truth'; but when he comes to pass his own maturer and unchallengeable judgment on his own poem he says nothing of imagination:—

The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man: it cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself.

And this unobtrusive shelving of the imagination is characteristic of Keats's poetic progress as revealed in his letters. Its relegation to a subordinate position is a corollary of his own growth. It did not mean that he had ceased to believe in the imagination; on the contrary, imagination had come to be for him so fundamental and all-pervading that it could no longer be separated out. The genius of poetry in him had arrived, by sensation and watchfulness in itself, at the meaning and the truth of Blake's dictum that 'the Imagination is not a State; it is existence itself.' In other words, authentic imagination is a new mode of consciousness or existence that supervenes on the achievement of unity within the man, on his awareness of himself as totally the instrument of the poetic genius, which is (although they are ignorant of it) common to all men.

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Such a use of the word 'imagination' is no doubt difficult in itself, and remote from ordinary practice. Blake pushed it to extreme lengths; but it was necessary for him to find some mode of uttering a truth of experience that Keats found equally incommunicable. For a clue to the process that was accomplishing itself in Keats we may turn once more to 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.' Blake says he has heard from Hell that the ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of 6,000 years is true:—

> For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at the tree of life; and when he does the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt.
>
> This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.

What Blake means is really quite simple and quite true. If we can free our vision from the scales of good and evil, then we see all things in the perfection of their own uniqueness—*sub specie aeternitatis;* and this consummation within the individual is final. A new creation is simply there before his eyes, and the new dispensation is begun. And Blake, who had experienced it, knew there was nothing miraculous in the change; therefore he insisted, quite truly, that it would come to pass 'by an improvement of sensual enjoyment,' by a simple 'cleansing of the doors of perception.' When the doors of perception are cleansed and simple vision begins, then imagination has been achieved. Hence it is 'existence itself,' because it is too simple and primary to be distinguished; it is the actual mode of being of the true man.

And, since Keats instinctively held, or swiftly attained, precisely the same conviction, it is not surprising that he speaks (in one of the new letters) in almost the same language. Writing to his brother Tom of his first view of Windermere, he says:—

> The two views we have had of it are of the most noble tenderness—they can never fade away—they make one forget the divisions of life; age, youth, poverty and riches; and refine one's sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open-lidded and stedfast over the wonders of the great power.

This 'refinement of the sensual vision' is what Blake means by 'an improvement of sensual enjoyment'; and this is the process by which authentic imagination is achieved. It would be to schematize the grace of growth in Keats's own nature to declare positively that this is what he meant when he said that 'what the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth.' When he made that statement it was in the nature of a prophetic surmise of a certainty that he was hereafter to make wholly his own. But he was already aware that imagination was essentially sensation.

OF the working of this imagination, conceived, or rather actually experienced, as direct and simple vision both of the world without and the world within man, there are many magnificent examples in Keats's letters. No examples of this pure imagination of Keats in act are more revealing than those contained in the long journal-letter of February 1819. In it again and again we can actually observe the process of 'the refinement of his sensual vision,' till it reaches an acme of directness and simplicity in his lucid contemplation of men and

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himself among men as creatures of instinct. 'The creature has a purpose and his eyes are bright with it.' And Keats knows that he also, 'like the veriest human animal you can think of,' has a purpose and his eyes are bright with it. He is 'straining at particles of light in the midst of a great darkness.' 'Yet may I not in this,' he asks, 'be free from sin?' Free from sin! If ever man were free from it, Keats was at that moment of seeing and being the truth.

And it is not a strange coincidence at all but merely natural and inevitable that at this moment he should bear witness, both in his seeing and in what he sees, to the truth that Blake had asserted in the passage from 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell' on which we have drawn, namely, that the first step toward the vision of the new creation is that 'the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged.' This first step Keats had now completely taken; within a little while, through the purgation of further suffering, he was putting forward to his brother 'a system of salvation which does not affront our reason and humanity.'

> Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains & troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a Soul? A place where the heart must feel & suffer in a thousand diverse ways. Not merely is the Heart a Hornbook, it is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the text from which the Mind or intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the Lives of Men are—so various become their Souls, & thus does God make individual beings, Souls, Identical Souls, of the sparks of his own essence.

'Identical souls,' that is, souls having a veritable 'identity,' as Keats's imagination of a waterfall had identity given it by actual 'sensation' at Ambleside. When a man, through submission to 'sensation,' to Blake's 'faculty that experiences,' to the thousand diverse ways of feeling and suffering that come to him through a truly receptive heart, has liberated himself from the tyranny of the mind, and compelled it to become the faithful servant of experience instead of its presumptuous master, then he is become an individual being, he has an 'identity,' and his 'identity' is his soul. Thus the soul is, for Keats, a perfection into which man grows by virtue of his complete receptiveness to experience; it is the reward of a complete and consciously acknowledged shaping by life.

We may borrow one of the striking phrases in the new letters to express a thought that is perhaps either incomprehensible or self-evident, and say that for him the soul was the countenance of the body. This realization, and the immediate experience of his own total unity that underlay it, were the final term of Keats's instinctive dedication of himself to a life of sensations rather than thoughts. By this negative capability he was a poet of the supreme order, one whose utterance springs naturally and inevitably, as the leaves to a tree, out of the great and mysterious life of which he surrendered himself to be the vehicle. His loveliest verses are his profoundest; his profoundest are his most natural; through them we hear the murmur of the sweet and sad and secret voice of life itself, which can become completely audible only through the instrument of those in whom, as in Keats himself, body and soul are veritably one.

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A sympathetic British observer analyzes some of the spiritual dangers now threatening Germany. It is a timely reminder that other values than economic ones are now at stake in the Reich.

The Threat *to* German Culture

By Evelyn Sharp

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE foreigner who revisits Germany to-day cannot help detecting signs of the change that has come over one aspect of national life since the stabilization of the currency in 1924. The post-war distress that reached its peak at the time of the highest inflation was primarily physical, and people sought relief from it in all sorts of spiritual adventures, from the religious to the cultural. The Youth Movement tended to be pacifist and nonpolitical; education was pursued with passion though school children went ill fed and ill clad; the middle class starved all day in their unheated rooms, but at night filled the opera and the playhouse. The wife of an ex-minister in Berlin said to me in October 1923, 'When people can get a seat at the opera for less than the price of a loaf of bread, naturally they go hungry and buy a ticket for the opera.' It was part of the general madness of that period—or was it the one touch of sanity in a mad world?—that while the price of bread soared upward the price of opera tickets remained unchanged.

German people, the mass of them, go hungry enough to-day; for neither wages nor 'doles' are high enough to enable workpeople to live at more than a bare subsistence level, while the vast army of government officials have had six per cent of their salaries cut since February 1. As yet the effect of this new economic strain is not tragically obvious in the outward appearance of the people, as it was in the early 'twenties, though social and welfare experts say that a year at the present rate of living will bring the average physical standard down to the worst post-war level. But what is already obvious is the threat to German

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culture which is involved, on the one hand, in the need for economy in all state aids to education, and, on the other hand, in the inability of the middle class to continue to support the arts. Large numbers of the latter still go hungry because they cannot afford to buy enough bread even at the lowered prices of to-day; but they cannot afford to buy pictures or books or theatre tickets at all, for these now cost much more than bread.

They also cost more than in pre-war days. 'You could see the best performance of *The Ring* in the world for six marks before the War; you have to pay twice as much now,' I was told in Dresden; and so the Dresden Opera House, in spite of a Wagner renaissance that is rather surprising some people, is only half filled. The subsidies that used to make the management independent of popular support in the opera house and *Stadttheater* of many a town throughout Germany have been drastically cut down; the towns, mostly on the verge of bankruptcy, cannot contribute their usual grants, and private patrons have almost ceased to exist. The wonder is that any of these playhouses remain open at all; but the struggle to maintain them goes on because in Germany the opera and the municipal theatre are there as much for *Bildung* as for recreation; they are part of the national system of education, and some measure of the repertory standard exacted can be gathered from a complaint I heard made in all seriousness —'Why, they are now so poor that they sometimes have to give the same play three or four times in one week!'.

The new economies are even more lamented in the schools and universities, for under a Socialist government many developments in education were initiated after the Revolution which now have to be abandoned or at best severely restricted. Government support, for instance, has been largely withdrawn from the excellent adult-education scheme of the *Volkshochschule*, while the age limit in the new compulsory vocational schools (*Berufsschule*), for boys and girls who go to work at fourteen, has been reduced from eighteen to sixteen—a particularly regrettable economy, for these schools are the beginning in Germany of a system of continued education for the child whose parents cannot afford to send him to a secondary school. A more ordinary economy—though not so ordinary in German as in English eyes—is the discharge of many young and not yet fully qualified teachers, made possible by increasing the legal size of classes from a limit of thirty to one of fifty pupils in the elementary schools.

THE attempt, however, from similar motives, to lower the secondary-school age from nineteen to eighteen is being warmly contested by many educationists, who contend that this last year is really the vital one from the point of view of culture as distinguished from mere learning. A nation that attaches so much importance to these subtler graces of the mind may be expected to be more concerned over retrenchment in the universities, which involves a reduction in the number of professorships, an increase in the hours of the lecturers, economy in the laboratory apparatus, and so on, than over the similar use of the 'axe' where the equipment of elementary schools is in question.

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Yet sympathy with the broader point of view of the education minister who told me these things—and whose enthusiasm for our Fisher Act was tempered by his sly reminder that it exists only on paper—did not blind me to the fact that in many of the German industrial towns, where half the parents may be unemployed, the reduction in the state grant for equipping the children in the elementary schools with books and pencils, when they are too poor to buy them, means that in the coming school year they will have to go without unless somebody is able to be generous. To take a concrete instance, in Magdeburg, where there are some forty-five elementary schools, the official grant for equipment has just been cut down to one-fourth of what it was two years ago, and the parents in many of those schools have no money to spare for children's school pencils.

In one elementary school in an industrial town, where the unemployment is so universal that in an average class of the school sixty per cent had unemployed parents—it must be remembered that in Germany all classes have to send their children to the elementary school—while thirty per cent of them had no bed to sleep in, I saw as perfectly equipped an infants' class room as I have seen in any model nursery school anywhere, and learned that all the Montessori furniture and toys had been made by the teacher himself with the aid of the children's parents. 'If the state cannot help us, we must help ourselves,' was all he said about it. The other teacher, struggling with rather less success, perhaps, to maintain high standards against heavy odds, murmured in self-defense that he was neither married nor in love and could therefore devote himself entirely to his class.

In other countries, certainly in England, teachers may be found who devote themselves to their pupils and try to supply the shortcomings of the state, and in other countries, of course, there is unemployment, and money has to be found for 'doles' at the expense of much that matters. But in Germany these things perhaps wear another aspect, because they are occurring at the end of a series of tragic sufferings. 'Crisis?'—I heard one official say when he was asked for his opinion of the present situation in Germany. 'What crisis? We have had a crisis every year since the War.'

The people strike one as having no reserves with which to face a repetition of difficulties that other nations are facing, if not for the first time, at least with comparatively unimpaired morale. German teachers will tell you that the children are too nervous and irritable to be taught, while their elder brothers of a changed Youth Movement go about with revolvers instead of guitars in their hands and political invective instead of folk songs on their lips. These are symptoms of the condition of the whole people, and much more lies behind them than the pressure of the immediate world crisis in economics. There is an accumulation below the surface of a dull resentment and sense of injustice that is slowly poisoning the springs of a culture which the world can ill afford to lose. If German culture is worth saving it is time that the causes of Germany's discontent were examined.

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BOOKS ABROAD

FIRST ATHENIAN MEMORIES. *By Compton Mackenzie. London: Cassell and Company. 1931. 7s. 6d.*

THE ALLIED SECRET SERVICE IN GREECE. *By Sir Basil Thomson. London: Hutchinson and Company. 1931. £1 1s.*

(From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THE COINCIDENCE of these two books in the same week has its humors. Sir Basil Thomson, assuming a censorious impartiality, dismisses Mr. Mackenzie's arduous labors in his capacity of intelligence officer as 'vaudeville antics.' Simultaneously, it is precisely this vaudeville theme that Mr. Mackenzie sets out to develop. Underneath, the purpose of both authors is the same—to record the technique and outcome of Allied diplomacy in Greece during the War. In method and outlook, however, they differ. Sir Basil Thomson, posing as a detached historian, displays a partisanship for King Constantine impervious to fact or reason; Mr. Mackenzie, dealing in personalities and personal experiences, remains a Venizelist in retrospect as at the time and paints the King as a typical royal mediocrity caught in an impossible position. He also remembers that we were anxious to win the War—a fact that has escaped Sir Basil. All the more significant is it, therefore, that historically each book should leave the same impression: namely, that our part in the Allied behavior to Greece from 1915 to 1923 constitutes without exception the most disreputable incident in our national career since the Jameson Raid. 'Had the British Government,' writes Mr. Mackenzie, 'been illuminated by even a glimmering of a notion of what it wanted in the Balkans that notion could have been carried out.' And elsewhere:—

> I have written 'policy'; but the behavior of Great Britain in allowing herself unwillingly to be dragged along by the French like a child being taken to the dentist can hardly be dignified by a name of such positive significance. There was an opportunity to go forward in full coöperation with France. It was not accepted. There was an opportunity to build up a strong Greece with King Constantine. It was not accepted. There was an opportunity to build up a strong Greece with M. Venizelos alone. It was not accepted. There was an opportunity to make Great Britain mistress of the Levant. It was not accepted.

Unfortunately, this first installment of Mr. Mackenzie's Athenian memories is carried only as far as the end of the year 1915. Sir Basil Thomson is more concerned with the events of the following year. The villain of his piece is Commander de Roquefeuil, whose ruthless and mendacious propaganda found its way into the French and English press and stirred up Allied public opinion to countenance the landing of December 1, 1916, and the subsequent deposition of King Constantine. The French were the chief criminals; as to that there can be no dispute. But Mr. Mackenzie says: 'I find myself hardening in the opinion that for the follies which have been charged to Sarrail and De Roquefeuil the British Government must be held primarily responsible.' This opinion will no doubt receive confirmation in his ensuing volumes.

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Sir Basil Thomson's thesis is the violation, moral and actual, of Greek neutrality by the Allies—a violation that lacked any shadow of justification and was so conducted as to render the German affront to Belgium an act of straightforward honesty by comparison. The justice of this thesis may be evident; but Sir Basil Thomson's presentation of it is sometimes unnecessarily weak. If his documentation is extensive, so are his omissions. He puts no case for the other side. To him, Venizelos is still the rebel; of the rebel's greatness, of his inspired faith in the Allies' ultimate success, and his desire that Greece should profit thereby, he has neither knowledge nor understanding. But his book serves a useful purpose. For until amends can be made and the full details be recorded by an authoritative historian, it is just as well that our sins should be occasionally recalled.

What part Sir Basil Thomson may have played in the events he describes does not appear. In Mr. Mackenzie's book the author's part is the main theme. 'I fancied,' he says, 'when I set out to write down these memories that I had achieved the necessary detachment; but from the past rises the old exasperation. . . . I could not bear then and I cannot bear now to hear Greece criticised. The truth is we fall in love with these Balkan countries and become hypersensitive about them.' This at least is honest, and an honest view results. The historical chapters are lucid and substantially accurate. But these are intended only as a background to the immediate color of the author's days, of his well-beloved Greece, and of the multitude of extraordinary creatures, from greasy Levantine spies to ministers and plenipotentiaries, with whom his work brought him in contact. A superb procession of comic figures struts through the pages: 'I can see M. Guillemin now standing on the steps of the British Legation in a frock coat much too large for him and shouting away at his *cher collègue*, the British Minister, who, lean and gray, would be eying him rather in the way a heron might eye a stranded salmon.' That unique humor with which the British Foreign Office conducts its business is enshrined in a permanent memorial. Yet the book is not all funny. The pathetic picture of white-haired Lisa suddenly confronted by the archbishop to whom, long ago, she had given her first youth and beauty reveals the true artist. It is as an artist, not as an historian or a spy, that Mr. Mackenzie writes. At the same time, he knows that if his memories are to achieve appropriate reality, the historical morals must be drawn.

Judged thus, as literature, and as the best war literature yet produced, the present volume falls short of its predecessor. The latter, which dealt with the Dardanelles, maintained the balance between the personal and the comic against the background of a single battle. Now the background has been enlarged to the whole field of European diplomacy. In reaction, the personalities are longer, the reminiscences of other times more irrelevant. Alma Mater Magdalensis, the curse of Mr. Mackenzie's literary career, makes incessant reappearance. The picture is confused. Perhaps this is only a temporary impression. For there are three more volumes to come. Mr. Mackenzie admits that their scope has widened beyond his expectations. He has changed his brushes to suit a

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larger canvas, and we must await its completion to judge the effect.

In one supremely dramatic quality, however, the two books are united—in the depiction of war against the loveliest background that the earth can show. 'Mountains, sea, and Attic plain were spread before me in an atmosphere so crystalline and so jealous of perfect form that when I first came back to Southern Italy from Greece I was amazed at the softness of a blue sky I had once considered fervid, at the milkiness of an air I had once fancied clear.' Landscape passages such as this bring cohesion to the eternal comedy of humanity and the unfolding misery of events. Mr. Mackenzie has not lost faith in the world, in its beauty and its amusement.

CHANGES IN THE STRUCTURE OF WORLD ECONOMICS SINCE THE WAR. *By Dr. Felix Somary. London: P. S. King & Sons. 1931. 7s. 6d.*

(From the *Statist*, London)

A COURSE of lectures on the changes in world economics since the War was recently delivered at the University of Heidelberg by Dr. Felix Somary, a distinguished Continental banker. The lectures have now been translated into English and published in book form. Their particular value lies in the attempt made to formulate the principles that are guiding future economic development. Such an attempt is particularly necessary in an age of transition that is as yet unable to put its own ideas into shape and has to be content with those inherited from past generations. In the first lecture, Dr. Somary shows how Liberalism and Socialism, as schools of economic thought, have been outmoded by the march of events. The principles of either school cannot be put into complete operation in any country, and neither school has any vital significance in relation to the present course of history. 'The difference between oligarchy in politics and economics and democracy in politics and economics is of much more significance to-day.' Dr. Somary considers that it is inevitable that all large-scale enterprises whose production is stable or the demand for whose goods or services can be estimated to a nicety will increasingly become public or semipublic undertakings. Free enterprise must remain wherever the technique of production and the volume of production or consumption are subject to rapid change. The chief duty of the leaders of the political parties, appealing particularly to the working class of Europe, is to stress the value of private enterprise in fields in which its superiority is unquestionable and to show that the problem of abolishing class differences, wherever such remain, has nothing to do with organization of production by the state. Proceeding to show how economic Liberalism was the prevailing creed at the time when the 'representative' firm in industry and trade was the medium-sized business, Dr. Somary reaches the era of amalgamations and monopolies, which were encouraged by the compulsory organization enforced in war time. 'The idea of linking enterprises together into monopolies, the systematic control of production, and, above all, the elimination of the owners from management and the reduction of their status to mere property owners form the common ground on which entrepreneurs and Socialist leaders meet,

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although they may not realize it.' The great entrepreneur of to-day has more in common with the Socialists than with the bourgeoisie, not even excluding his own shareholders. Dr. Somary foresees a time when the labor policy of great industrial undertakings, if they continue to be built up, will give such security of tenure to the workers engaged that they will become dissociated from their class associates. In that event a political party with a class appeal would be relatively unimportant.

Turning to the important results of the War as they affect England particularly, Dr. Somary thinks that the historian of the future will mark as the chief the decline of economic Liberalism. This decline has weakened the belief in free competition and has engendered an atmosphere much more favorable to state economic activity. It has enhanced the powers of bureaucracy so that to-day 'the civil servant is more respected than before the War, the merchant less.' The Liberal Party, 'contrary to the spirit of its past,' advocates dependence of the banks on the government, and the control of credit. Dr. Somary argues that Socialism has a clear field in all directions in England, with the exception of the 'City,' the power of which is weakening. Because of the concentration of large estates in England, the socialization of land, one of the fundamental conceptions of doctrinaire Socialism, is possible in principle, 'and, at any rate, the peasant, who in all other countries is Socialism's chief adversary, has less power in England than anywhere else.' Dr. Somary suggests that the Labor Party may carry with it the vast majority of the nation. 'Once again history throws up the vital problem—as it did when Liberalism was at its height—of the mother country's being governed by a party whose fundamental principles are at variance with the possession of colonies.' Socialism cannot change the system of private exploitation of colonial resources without endangering the very existence of the Empire. 'But even if the Socialist leaders were prepared to maintain the *status quo* in the colonies, could they apply very different principles to government at home and in the colonies? Could they serve both Karl Marx and the Great Mogul? And, even if they could, to what extent would the natives try to apply the principles of Karl Marx to their own country? This is the chief problem that faces English statesmanship at the present time.'

In another lecture, Dr. Somary deals with the changes caused by the War in the economic development of the United States. Of first importance, he considers, is the restriction of immigration, which promises serious consequences for the American, as well as for the European, economic system. Asking why the restrictions on immigration have not been opposed by United States industry, Dr. Somary answers that it is because employers have preferred to concentrate on obtaining a high protective tariff and on coming to terms with the trade unions, which are permeated with the restrictive spirit of monopolies. With the slowing up of immigration, economic progress can scarcely be as rapid in the United States as heretofore, and it is argued that this may bring about the formation of completely distinct classes and the rise of Socialism.

In the remaining essays, Dr. So-

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mary deals with the problem of Russia and with the necessity of so organizing the political and economic structure of Europe as to restore to the Continent as a whole part of the power that it has lost to the United States. In his view, the coöperation of France and Germany, which to many seems a Utopian plan, is the only way by which the economic problem of Europe can be solved. 'France has a surplus of capital, Germany a surplus of labor, and France needs German labor just as much as Germany needs French capital. An economic union of the two countries would create a market of more than a hundred million European consumers, and would offer wide possibilities for a new industrial division of labor that would not seriously inconvenience any branch of production.'

GÉOGRAPHIE CORDIALE DE L'EUROPE. *By Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France. 1931. 15 francs.*

(Laurie Magnus in the *Sunday Times*, London)

THE copy of this book on my table bears the publishers' mark, '*seizième édition*.' Passing Sotheran's the other day, I saw a copy of the twenty-ninth edition, and, later on the same day, at Hachette's, I saw a copy of the thirty-eighth. By the time these lines are in print, the fiftieth edition may have been reached, and, assuming at least a thousand copies for each edition, the book is obviously a best seller in France. It is worth asking what intrinsic force is selling it.

First of all, M. Georges Duhamel is a poet of 46 years of age, who went through the Great War, and is devoting himself to the cause of as great a peace. I have never met him, but I have seen a photograph, reproduced in a book-trade paper, which represents him as clean-shaven, with a high forehead (I might almost say, a high brow), a firm mouth, and keen eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles. From his face and ideals he seems to me to have written such a book—it is a somewhat speculative description—as Sir Philip Sidney or Rupert Brooke might have written, if he had survived his country's war. For M. Duhamel belongs to the small, gallant band of soldier-poets.

Géographie Cordiale, or 'geography of the heart,' is supplementary to the author's book, *Scènes de la vie future*, which enjoyed big sales a year or two ago. The future life was in this world, not the next, and M. Duhamel, home from America, was at pains to warn his generation of the dangers of a mechanical civilization. It was his theme that moral civilization is likely to be crushed by material civilization, of which the symbol is the machine, particularly the American machine.

The present book is complementary to the last. What alternative to that *vie future* can Europe offer out of her own resources? M. Duhamel has taken twelve years to formulate his answer. He has traversed Europe, but he will not say he has traveled:—

'Is that traveling? Is it not simply living, fulfilling myself, doing that for which I was born? I want to know, to understand. I sought to renew my love for this Europe of cruelty and folly, this continent in convulsion. I am no political visionary, no Utopian of an electoral reunion. I have no taste for wasting in dreams a life more than half spent. . . . To take the ordnance-survey of my Europe I cannot wait till the diplomats have solved their inex-

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tricable problem of chess. . . . I fare from town to town, from people to people, sometimes rejoicing, sometimes disillusioned, sometimes intoning in my heart the funeral march of Europe, sometimes singing *sa guérison et sa gloire.*'

M. Duhamel wrote this book in prose. But, having attempted here to translate a passage, it is only fair to him to remark that his style has an extraordinary charm. I cannot hope to reproduce it, but I would say that the poetry is contained in his design to discover 'le trésor familial, le précieux patrimoine, la commune civilisation,' below the scarred surface of war and peace. The poetic design makes poetry all the way.

And his method? His work, he says, '*est de longue haleine.*' He starts with the little countries in *l'Europe mineure*, the countries which are the crossroads of the moral civilization to which he would recall us, and to which, in one of his striking phrases, we need *not* return *en automobile.* These countries—for it is time to come to them—are Holland, Greece, and Finland, and I shall have but ill conveyed the object of M. Duhamel's enterprise, which will be completed in several volumes, if it is not apparent that his method is that neither of a guidebook nor of a history.

The geography of the heart deals with things of the heart, and the European in Paris is a conscious fellow countryman, not only of the greater Europeans, from Dante to Goethe, who did not think within national frontiers, or behind diplomatists' bars, but also of the little men and women, who feel, and live, and love, without differences of race or language. Through all degrees of experience and achievement, in perfume, and sound, and glance, in works of nature and of art, there is reassurance for the peacemaker, for the seeker of the peace to come. Only men with memories have hope, he says, and it is to this hope of a future life in Europe that our French prose-poet summons us in this book of 'cardiac geography,' which is unreservedly to be commended.

ILLUSTRIERTE KULTUR- UND SITTENGESCHICHTE DES PROLETARIATS. VOLUME I. *By Otto Rühle. Berlin: Neuer Deutscher Verlag. 1931. 18 marks.*

(Hans E. Friedrich in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Berlin)

OTTO RÜHLE, the Marxian publicist, has written a sociological and cultural history of the proletariat that possesses such a high degree of lucidity and accuracy that it is quite out of the class of the kind of book in which morals are revealed purely in the light of sexuality. Anyone who is looking for obscenity and double meanings will find nothing of the sort here. The pictures, presented in the Marxian class-war style, are good and even impressive in spite of the provocative, ultraradical method in which they are set forth. But one cannot help asking what is the meaning and purpose of the whole book. Is it a proletarian work for the proletariat? But it is so expensive that hardly a proletarian could afford to purchase it. Is it a scientific work for experts? But it does not represent original research. Or is it directed to the attention of the middle classes?

Lunacharski has written a Communist foreword in the usual doctrinaire style: 'The enemy, the bourgeoisie and their helpers, is following

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the progress of affairs full of unrest, rage, and half-concealed terror.' This is the tone of a soap-box orator, and Lunacharski continues as follows: 'I therefore esteem this book not only as a book written for the working class, but as an appeal to all poor people, to all who are performing menial labor, to the clerks, and to the middle class, urging them to understand the great power that is now emerging in world history and that will determine their ultimate fate.' I can just see poor people buying the two volumes of this book for thirty-six marks.

No proletarian can read a book that is filled to overflowing with incomprehensible foreign words, strangely constructed sentences, and columns of figures. Rühle's work is typical of that special school of Marxian literature which is so eager to achieve cold, statistical accuracy that it becomes lost in a meaningless array of foreign words and bewildering percentage comparisons. Moreover, the book is a collection of sociological material concerning the proletariat since the begetting of business capitalism in the sixteenth century. We find many quotations from Marxian literature, notably, of course, from Marx and Engels. We find a survey of class history, a description of suppression and protest until the first beginnings of class-conscious thought. In spite of the didactic long-windedness and the familiarity of much of the material, it presents a picture of great misery. But the doctrinaire obstacles on the author's horizon and his insistence that literally everything bourgeois is criminal will not prove of ultimate value to socialism. Rühle's treatment of the present situation is especially narrow, and his visions of high socialist culture seem to have been copied intact from party manifestos. One of the most interesting parts of the book is the sociological treatment of proletarian women, both working women and those who are *déclassée*. In this portion of the book much new material has been assembled.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Shaw on Journalism

AT A LUNCHEON in London of the Institute of Journalists, George Bernard Shaw announced, 'I am a journalist and nothing else all the time.' He then proposed a toast to the 'Profession of Journalism' and delivered the following speech, which needs no comment to make it any more lively than it is:—

'The question may arise, is journalism a profession, or is it the last refuge of the young person who is hopelessly illiterate and hopelessly inaccurate? I want to impress the last word upon you, because I have sometimes come across young gentlemen who are constitutionally incapable of getting two figures right, or giving a reasonable description of anything they have seen. I have had to tell them they had better become journalists, because journalism is the only profession in which inaccuracy does not matter.

'That puts on all of us who are journalists an extremely heavy responsibility. The law allows us an extraordinary latitude. On the one hand we can say what we like, no matter how mischievous it may prove, on a very large scale, but at the same time if we mention that some notorious rascal is a notorious rascal we have to pay heavy damages.

'The whole situation is one which puts a very great strain on the character of the people who pursue it, and it is open to question whether or not we should pursue some efforts to make it a more difficult profession for people without qualifications to enter.

'We have had a war which was an extremely foolish one, and which had the very curious effect of doing a number of extremely important things which were the very last things the people who made it intended it to do. The press might have prevented that war. The press did not. The Kaiser might have prevented that war. The Kaiser did not.

'The reason is that the British press, like other presses, is far too much dominated by the ideas which dominated the Kaiser. He was badly brought up, and we have been badly brought up. We nearly ruined civilization between us. All we can say is that we disgraced ourselves. The Church disgraced itself. All the professions and Parliament disgraced themselves.

'What is the greatest service that journalism has to render to the public? Journalism largely provides the public with its mind. Most people have either made-up minds or no minds at all, and what is in their heads is exactly what the papers put into them.

'The difficulty is the question of the time lag. Take my own case. I am a journalist and nothing else all the time. I am not one of those men of letters who devote their lives to saying things beautifully without any particular regard as to what they are saying. What I have got to do is to tell people things about life and about themselves. There I stop. I am a journalist.

'The difficulty for the journalist as for every one is the time lag. I have had rather a rough time because nature constituted me so that when a thing happens I perceive it has happened. It takes most people about twenty years to realize it. Imagine me trying to get my living as a journalist and being always twenty years ahead of the newspapers. We are suffering because the public has a terrible time lag. The great duty of journalists is to abolish it, and to make people understand that the world is continually changing, and that it is no use trading on ideas obsolete before they were born.

'At the present time the press is time-lagging very badly in many ways. Take the Russian Revolution. The press has not

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yet recognized that that revolution has taken place. We have not found out yet that the Russian Soviet has come to stay. In consequence we have thrown away one of the most magnificent commercial chances we ever can hope to see in our lifetime.

'Do not start a time lag about the customs union between Austria and Germany. They are bound to unite. Every person who has not got a bad time lag must have recognized at once that they have done it, and that we have got to accept it.

'I urge all of you not to write about these subjects like an old-fashioned governess in a very old-fashioned cathedral town. If you do, the time lag will beat you, and you will lose your power over the public mind. A great deal of that power is already passing to the wireless. The moral of it all is that we have got to abolish our time lag. We have got to face the future and stop dreaming about the past.'

'Roman Feuilleton'

A FRENCH critic, writing in the *Mercure de France*, has been exposing the language of the *roman feuilleton* to fine French ridicule. The result is amusing, if only because the *roman feuilleton* is the French equivalent of the old dime novel or the modern American wood pulp, and uses the same too-simple formulæ. Here are some examples of the phrases which give Paris stenographers a shiver of delight.

The poor-but-honest laborer in a philosophical mood: 'Work! That's the only worthwhile thing in life for *us*. Work dignifies us, makes us the equals of those who are richer than we!'

The hero opens his valise, and then some: 'Henri took a small nickel-plated key from the left-hand pocket of his overcoat and introduced it into the lock of his valise. He turned the key twice toward the right and then pushed gently down upon the clasp, for the lock was somewhat rusty. In less time than it takes to write [*sic*] the valise was open, its contents exposed to the eye.'

The author describes the coming of spring for the benefit of those who have never seen it: 'Spring returned, casting her green mantle over the woods and over the fields; the lilacs bloomed; in the orchards the apple trees were a mass of white, etc., etc. . . . The green buds burst their bonds, forced their way through the bark; grass grew in fields dotted with narcissus and lily-of-the-valley. These first flowers poured forth their sweetness from chalicelike blooms upon the emerald carpet. The earth was hidden beneath a green velvet mantle.'

A daughter of the nobility: 'She was tall and slim, pale as a lily—the finished type of those patricians who seem born to the throne.'

Cosmopolitan beauty (or a brief course in geography): 'She was as blond as Fornarina; her dark blue eyes were deep and soft like those of the women of the Orient; her face, which was of the purest Greek type, was pink and white like an English girl's; of medium height, she had the supple, elegant figure which one normally associates only with Indian women . . .'

A gentleman born: 'No finer combination of an attractive face with perfection in tailoring could be imagined. Indeed he was the picture of a true gentleman, beautifully educated. There was in him that *je ne sais quoi* which reveals to the eye of the veriest tyro the true man of the world, the gentleman born.'

A dangerous woman: 'She had that bold beauty, that glance at once half-veiled and yet full of sparks of magnetic attraction, which forces men to their knees. She was more like some shadowy phantom evoked by a powerful magician's wand than like a woman.'

And, finally, a selection of difficult feats for heroes and heroines alike: '"Oh! Oh!" he said in Portuguese.' 'Her hand was as cold as a serpent's.' 'When the poor girl

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came to, she was dead.' 'With one hand he seized her brutally about the throat. With the other he spit in her face.'

Intelligent Readers

HOW LARGE are the intellectual reading publics of France and Great Britain? Mr. Louis Latzarus, who started the discussion, thinks that the French market for really intellectual volumes is restricted to 40,000. Victor Gollancz, the British publisher, put the equivalent British market at half that figure. The London *Daily Telegraph* has been asking questions about it and eliciting a diversity of replies. For instance:—

Mr. Bernard Shaw: 'What on earth is the use of saying either 2,000,000 or two? Both are equally probable, and neither can be verified. *The Apple Cart* sold 45,000 copies on the first day of publication—but what is that proof of? In France, all over the country, in the little provincial towns, you will find bookshops in which you see books for sale, implying a high degree of intellectual culture on the part of the readers, whereas in England bookshops outside the big cities are rare. Anyway, England is an intellectually lazy nation. Scotland is not, and Ireland is not in certain classes. The English are a fat-headed lot, and ought to be ashamed of themselves.'

A member of the publishing firm of Chapman and Hall: 'To say that our intellectual public is half that of France is laughable. I would put 100,000 as a very low estimate for England.'

A member of the publishing firm of Constable and Company: 'The French are more of a book-reading nation because they don't spend nearly as much time reading magazines and newspapers as we do. In proportion to the population, there is no doubt that the number in England is lower than in France, but I would not agree with the assertion that it is half.'

Denis Saurat, professor of French literature at King's College: 'The pre-war figure for the sale of an Anatole France novel—and the figure would be about the same for to-day—was 300,000, and he was not a "popular" writer. Paul Bourget was a little higher. The books of Henri Poincaré, the mathematician, sold about 15,000 copies each, but they were very abstruse, and this figure represents the extreme and narrowest limit of the very intellectual public. I agree with Mr. Gollancz's estimate of Britain's truly intellectual readers as numbering about half those of France.'

Class War in the Theatre

IN SPITE of the nationalist reaction that made M. Doumer President of France, radical tendencies are increasing in and about Paris. Pierre Fontaine, a contributor to *Comœdia*, has been investigating the working-class theatres of the French capital, which he calls the 'theatres of which one does not speak,' and which he found preaching the class struggle aggressively. He described the audiences as being made up of desperate-looking members of the proletariat who hiss whenever a well-dressed figure appears on the stage. One play that he witnessed depicted the seduction of a working girl by a member of the despised middle class. M. Fontaine was almost knocked out of his chair by the man beside him, who was merely nudging him to ask for a light and to explain about the show. On his other side sat a bedraggled girl given to loud sniffling. His experience as a whole he described as follows:—

'Girls whose work begins at night and ends at daybreak, men who wield butchers' knives better than the fountain pen, all those people who rest from morning to evening, recovering from their labors of the night, howl vociferously. Their hatred breaks forth freely, expressing itself in gross words, insulting anyone on the stage who represents a superior caste. Actors' lines are attacked with a barrage of insults, and I half expected to see some fanatics rush upon the stage to protect the

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seduced girl and to attack the wretched seducer, who was wearing a decoration of the Legion of Honor.

'This popular passion rises rapidly to indignation. It expresses the cleavage between the classes of society, a cleavage that is growing wider and more dangerous every day. All these plays written for special publics preach hatred, hatred of the most rich and the most intelligent. And this is serious, very serious, and much more significant than many people believe. The troupes that act these realistic plays bring the authors enormous royalties that would make many renowned dramatists turn green with envy. As I left the theatre my neighbor, still pale with rage, walked down the steps beside me and muttered, as he grasped something in his pocket,—and I can only guess what it was,—"Ah, when I get my hands on one of them."'

Montessori in Vienna

MARIA MONTESSORI has been lecturing on child education in Vienna, where she was interviewed by a reporter from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*. After she had expressed her admiration for the care and expense that the Viennese lavish on their children in spite of the fact that their city is the poorest in Europe, she was asked whether she thought that the children of to-day are oppressed.

'They are indeed,' she replied, 'but whereas other socially oppressed groups raise their voices to protect themselves and find the strength to defend themselves, children are too weak to do any such thing. They are enslaved by their schools and their families. Children have no rights, and there is nobody who has not got authority over them. Parents, teachers, servants—they can all order children around. The child goes from school, where it must do what the teacher says, to its home, where it must do what its elders or their servants command. My aim is to establish proper living conditions for children, to create understanding of the necessities of children and of their rights. The grown person and the child have an utterly different relationship toward work.'

'Child labor in the twentieth century?'

'Yes, the child, too, must be looked upon as a laborer, in fact as the most sought-after and dutiful laborer in the world. But his labor is not the labor of grown people. The grown person's sphere of labor is in forming the world about him, and the law of his being is economy of forces. His work is an exterior form of work that he shapes with his will and intelligence. His labor is the mastery of material things and their transformation so that they may be useful to man. But the labor of children is fundamentally different. The child works to make the man. The child cannot do other people's work for them. Nor can it ever rest. It cannot borrow its development from others and it cannot make other people do its work for it. Its law of life is work or die.'

'And are you fighting single-handed for children's rights?'

'No, that would be impossible. An organization has been formed called the International Montessori School, and I intend to call upon the aid of all grown people who love children and have an interest in their development. I want the assistance of everybody, without reference to nationality or political or religious convictions. New branches of this society have already been established, and I wanted to begin the work here in Austria myself because I understand and esteem all the merits of Vienna. As I have said before, Vienna is a centre of child-welfare work.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Pittsburgh in Depression

H. N. BRAILSFORD, an adherent of the left wing of the British Labor Party, has been traveling in the United States and sending descriptions of the country back to the *New Leader* of London. Here is what he has to say of Pittsburgh in this year of depression:—

One must have seen Pittsburgh to realize what nature has contributed to American wealth. The sides of its valleys are striped with visible seams of coal. There is no need to sink a shaft. One need only drive a gallery into the hillside, and good coal becomes available in indefinite quantities. Over the rolling hills in all directions one notes every few hundred yards the wells from which oil is still pumped, though the supply in this district is no longer abundant. The pumps themselves are worked by gas engines fed with natural gas, and this cheap and convenient fuel heats and cooks for the city. Up and down the two rivers that meet at Pittsburgh long trains of immense barges carry the materials of its industry.

With prodigal energy and daring man has improved what nature gave. The place might have been planned by a megalomaniac architect dreaming in a creative delirium. Bridges of steel on concrete have been tossed across every valley and river, and when one looks down on this fantastic landscape from a height one despairs of counting them. Soaring causeways stride from height to height; roadways on arches mount the steeps, and tunneled roads, several miles long, pierce the hills. By night the heavens declare the glory of man. The lighthouse, for aërial navigation, set on a great skyscraper, and the furnaces of the steel works blot out the stars.

It was my fate to see this epic of natural wealth and creative energy in the depths of the industrial depression. America takes the slump more heavily than we do; she is not yet broken to it by custom. The long spell of prosperity had led her to suppose that at last the trade cycle had been conquered. The shattering of that illusion has stunned her, and her population is hardly recognizable as the buoyant nation of optimists that we knew in recent years. An Englishman is more nearly at home, and it is possible to tread American soil with a certain sense of complacency. Europe has by contrast the humaner civilization.

If one marvels in Pittsburgh at the wealth of nature and the ingenuity of man, one also asks how all that they produce in partnership can possibly be consumed. Not much of it goes to the miner. I passed to-day through many of the depressing little villages which they inhabit round the pit mouths. Their cottages are what Americans call 'frame' houses—little boxes of timber. Usually they are of two stories and contain four very small rooms. There is no bath—in this land that prides itself on its luxurious plumbing. They must put up with an earth closet. Overhead the high-tension cables carry far and wide the electricity that Pittsburgh generates. None of it lights the homes of the men whose muscles dig out the source of all this energy, nor is the natural gas for them.

They may earn 15*s*. or 20*s*. a day (no great sum in this country), but rarely in these times is there work for more than two or three days a week. And then there are deductions. I have before me two fortnightly pay checks from different mines. One man had loaded 875 cwt. of coal, for which $25.83 were due. But his debts to the company, including rent, coal, and a dollar for the doctor, exactly ate up

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what he had earned. The other man, by loading 512 cwt., had earned $13.31. To him there fell 18 cents after all deductions had been made.

The tragic strike in the Pennsylvania coalfield smashed the union. Negro blacklegs, protected by the armed private police of the 'operators,' broke the strike, and to-day the companies do as they please. The checkweighman has disappeared. The company's stores, embarrassed by no Truck Act, keep the men in perpetual debt. Some of the mines, together with the villages round them, stand entirely on the company's private estate, and even the roads are not free. A union organizer who should venture on this fenced territory would be expelled as a trespasser.

But one is destined to many a surprise in this Republic. Across the border in West Virginia a flourishing cotton industry is growing up that relies on white labor. The women earn $8 (£2, with a purchasing power roughly half of what it would be in England) for a ten-hour day and a seven-day week. The dominant industrial aristocracy of Pittsburgh is Presbyterian and comes from Ulster. It is proud of the severity of its 'blue laws,' which close even the 'movies' on the Sabbath day. But, save in times of depression, the coal mines and the blast furnaces habitually work on Sunday.

Against the American Tariff

FRÉDÉRIC JENNY, financial editor of *Le Temps*, devotes one of his weekly editorials to the subject of the American tariff. Quoting from a bulletin of the Chase National Bank which maintained that the most effective way of overcoming the present depression was to lower tariffs, M. Jenny argues as follows:—

The United States can decrease its production of grain, copper, automobiles, agricultural machinery, and so forth. It can direct its activities to satisfying only its domestic needs and curtail those branches of industry that specialize in exports. But such an evolution would be slow and unprogressive, involving a reduced standard of living, and would be the most painful occurrence possible in a country which, while isolating itself more and more from the rest of the world, has at the same time developed its forces of production with a view to expanding its foreign markets.

Would n't it be infinitely easier and more in conformity with the true interests of America to renounce isolation and to welcome foreign goods more liberally, especially goods manufactured in Europe, whose quality cannot be duplicated in the United States because of higher labor costs and general conditions of production? Thus foreign countries would be permitted to buy a greater quantity of American goods, both raw materials and articles manufactured by mass-production methods. Furthermore, prices would rise, unemployment would decrease on both sides of the Atlantic, the purchasing power of the masses would grow, and we should start on the way toward reëstablishing a normal equilibrium between production and consumption.

Even the possibility that this change in policy might increase imports to the United States more rapidly than exports does not disturb the sound American economist. He justly points out to his fellow countrymen that a so-called favorable balance of trade is often an imaginary advantage and that Americans ought to get used to the idea of importing more than they export. The United States is now a creditor power *par excellence* which can consume more than it produces, and it should therefore enable debtor nations to pay their bills with merchandise.

The great problem at the present time is marketing. Almost everywhere production capacity exceeds the possibilities of sale, which means that every branch of economic activity should increase its

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range of action and reach the largest possible number of consumers. Since even the United States, in spite of its extensive territory, in spite of its enormous wealth that makes it virtually self-sufficient, is now suffering from the results of an isolated economic policy, think of the benefits to countries whose economic horizon is not so extensive and who are more completely dependent on the international market. If such countries try to erect Chinese walls about themselves they will certainly expire.

What the present situation demands is a return to moderate tariffs that will allow the excess products accumulated in one country to satisfy the needs of people in other countries. There is no more effective means at the present time of fighting against the world depression and of mitigating the bitter privations that the crisis is imposing on tens of millions of working people.

Lecturing in America

THE tribulations of Mr. J. B. Priestley with the newspaper men of New York have stimulated Rebecca West to advise all English writers never to lecture in the United States. Writing in the *Daily Telegraph* of London she says:—

To begin with, the American attitude to the English lecturer is not logical, and it is painfully surprising to the victim. At the beginning all seems to be simple and pleasant. As soon as a writer becomes noted there arrive innumerable offers of lecture tours, which persist year after year. Finally the bait is taken. As soon as the lecture contract is signed a train of events starts which the innocent victim takes as an assurance of cordial welcome on the other side of the Atlantic. Engagements are made by the score, and personal letters and cables send heartening greetings and invitations.

This atmosphere of geniality thickens until there comes the landing in New York; and then the handshakes, the good wishes, the smiling faces, the parties, the eager interviews convince the lecturer that there is a real fellowship between the American and the English peoples. And that feeling may prevail all through the lecture tour—unless one reads the papers.

For the English lecturer is in America a standing joke, rather like mothers-in-law, or kippers, or the Albert Memorial; but there is a resentment behind it which none of those classic objects can excite. Oddly enough, though it would seem obvious that the responsibility for the presence of an English lecturer lies, firstly, on the agent who offered the contract, and, secondly, on the societies that have engaged him, he seems to the man in the street an intruder who has somehow wormed his way into the States against the will of the people.

Moreover, a highly disagreeable attitude is ascribed to the English lecturer. For some obscure reason, hardly any Americans can believe that an English person really loves or even likes America. They believe this so firmly that their eyes see evidence to the contrary where none really exists.

I have always loved America. In my childhood my father, who had adventured there as a boy, told me stories of the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers and the Great Lakes, so that when I saw them it was like coming home. Of the score of people in the world who are dearest to me, half are American-born. Nevertheless, I have found to my astonishment when talking to Americans that they were reading from my words and expression all sorts of manifestations of dislike and contempt for their country and their people. The lecturer nearly always is excited and tired. The schedule may exact two forty-eight hours' journeys, with a stop of two hours to give an hour and a half's lecture in between. Consequently one is apt to plunge ahead without the usual warning

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that observation would give to a mind fresh and alert, and to find one's self infringing certain American conventions that are entirely different from ours. The chief of these is that nothing in the United States must be criticised. This is a rule the rigidity of which cannot be grasped by the European until after a prolonged stay. Its application is universal, and it is very hard for the lecturer not to brush up against it. The visitor to America has no right to criticise anybody or anything, and Americans have a right to have what conventions they please.

An Englishman feels no objection to admitting to any critical stranger the existence of our national problems—the dole, India, the tariff, and so on; and the more of an old Tory he is the more he is willing to grumble. But in America there is literally only one problem—Prohibition—which it is safe to mention to any but the professedly discontented radicals. Elsewhere an intelligent inquiry about the negro problem, even a sympathetic comment on the mountainous prices charged by doctors and nursing homes, or a sincerely meant tribute to the means adopted for dealing with immigrant children, may be taken as a deadly insult.

There are innumerable other pitfalls, notably that which is due to ignorance of the difference in prices between the two countries. This often leads the visitor to take for granted kindnesses that actually cost the hosts very dear. A classic example concerns a lecturer and his wife who changed their rooms at an hotel for what seemed to them slightly better ones. In England it would have meant a matter of a few shillings a night; in this particular hotel it involved an added charge of many pounds to the rather needy society which had undertaken to pay their expenses. This incident was taken, although the offender and his wife were people of considerable wealth, as proof of the mercenary spirit of the English lecturer.

There is also the difficulty of giving satisfaction. Contrary to popular belief, the American speaks not faster but slower than the Englishman, and again and again I have seen a lecturer, speaking with an English accent at what would have been at home a normal platform rate, utterly fail to be heard and understood.

Altogether the position cannot be filled with dignity and satisfaction. During the last seven years I have heard reports or been a witness of the progress of every English writer lecturing in America, and I have never known one, however discreet and well meaning, who survived wholly unscathed. Yet in only three cases have I thought there was any fault on the part of the lecturer. In those three cases I did see bumptiousness and exploitation of hospitality; but the trouble with these particular people was not that they were putting on special manners for America but that they were not. They were, alas, being themselves.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

LINZ. September, Exhibition of the Upper Austrian Art Societies.

SALZBURG. July 25–August 30, Salzburg Festivals; *August 9*, International Automobile and Motorcycle Races.

VIENNA. July 15–August 30, Daily Concerts, Plays, and Dance Recitals in the open at the Burggarten; *August*, International Congress of Professional Women, Exhibition of Nordic Caricatures; *September 6–12*, International Fair; *13–22*, World Congress of Austrians Residing Abroad; *15*, Women's Automobile and Motorcycle Races; *20, 27*, Performances of Spanish Riding Academy, Church Concerts.

Czechoslovakia

BRATISLAVA. August 23–September 2, International Danube Sample Fair.

BRNO. July 15–31, Exhibition of Bohemian Glass; *July 15–September 30*, Anthropos Exhibition; *August 30–September 9*, Fair; *27*, Automobile Races.

LIBEREC. August 15–21, Sample Fair with Technical Show.

LUHAČOVICE. August 9–14, International Light Athletic and Amateur Dancing Competition.

PARDUBICE. July 15–September 30, Exhibition of Sport and Physical Culture of the Czechoslovak Republic; *August 1–2*, Meeting of Czechoslovak Chess Players; *22–23*, International Races and Volley-Ball and Basket-Ball Tournaments; *30*, Women's Games Competition; *September 6*, Motorcycle Races; *27*, Beginning of the Grand Steeple Chase.

PRAGUE. August–September, Exhibition of Modern Dwellings; *5*, Football Match: Switzerland *v.* Czechoslovakia; *September 6–13*, Prague Sample Fair; *15–25*, Congress of 'Fidac' War Veterans; *20*, Folding Boat Races.

England

EASTBOURNE. August 1–3, Tennis: Harvard and Yale *v.* Oxford and Cambridge.

GRASMERE. August 8, Rush-Bearing; *15*, Wrestling, Races.

LONDON. July 18, Athletics: Harvard and Yale *v.* Oxford and Cambridge at Stamford Bridge; *20–28*, Ninth Festival of International Society for Contemporary Music; *August–September*, Promenade Concert Season, Exhibition of Industrial Designs; *August 3*, Motor Racing at Brooklands; *7*, Agricultural Show at Tring; *September*, Wireless Exhibition at the Olympia; *2–19*, International Illumination Congress; *10–11*, Flower Show; *10–26*, International Exhibition of Engineering and Shipbuilding; *12*, Opening of International Photographic Exhibition; *21*, Faraday Commemorative Meeting at Queen's Hall; *23*, Opening of Faraday Centenary Exhibition at Albert Hall; *23–30*, Centenary Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

MALVERN. August 1–15, English Folk-Dance Society Summer School; *3–23*, Dramatic Festival.

OXFORDSHIRE. September 17–19, Mop Fair at Chipping Norton.

STAFFORDSHIRE. September 7, Dance of the Deer Men at Abbots Bromley.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. July 15–September 30, Shakespeare Summer Dramatic Festival.

TORQUAY. August 24–25, Royal Regatta.

Germany

BADEN. September 4–6, Seventh Series of Fall Sports Events.

BAYREUTH. July 20–August 19, Exposition of Plastic Art; *July 21–August 15*, Wagner Operas.

BERLIN. August 15, Hardware Exposi-

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tion; *August 21–30*, Eighth General German Radio and Phonograph Exposition.

BÜSUM. July 26, Aviation Day.

DINKELSBÜHL. July 18–23, Performances of Historical Festival Play, *Kinderzeche*.

DRESDEN. July 15–September 20, International Hygiene Exhibition, extended from last year.

ESSEN. July 15–August 15, Film Exposition.

FLENSBURG. August 23, Singing and Dancing Festival.

FURTH-IM-WALDE. August 9–16, Folk Festival Week.

HEIDELBERG. July 15–August 1, Heidelberg Festival Plays in Castle Courtyard.

LEIPZIG. August 30–September 19, German Eastern Fair.

MUNICH. July 15–September 20, 'Woman of To-day' Exposition; *July 18–August 25*, Wagner and Mozart Festivals; *August 8–31*, Schiller Cycle.

MÜNSTER. August 2, Seventh International Dog Show.

NÜRBURG RING. July 19, Automobile Race for Grand Prize of Germany.

SWINEMÜNDE. August 16, Automobile Show.

WARNEMÜNDE. August 2, Aviation Day.

WASSERKUPPE. July 25–August 9, Rhön Glider Contest.

WEISSENBURG. July 19–August 30, Performances of the Bavarian State Theatre; *August 8, 9*, Passion Play of the Catholic Laborers' Association.

Holland

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. August 31, Queen Wilhelmina's Birthday.

LEYDEN. September 7–12, Orientalists' Congress.

THE HAGUE. August, Exhibition of Old Dutch and Flemish Masters; *beginning of September*, Spiritists' Congress.

UTRECHT. September 8–18, Autumn Fair.

Hungary

BUDAPEST. August 15–16, Water Polo: Czechoslovakia *v.* Hungary; *16–21*, St. Stephen's Week Celebrations; *20*, St. Stephen's Day; *September 6*, Horse Racing for Hungarian Stud Prize; *20*, International European Automobile Mountain-Touring Contest.

Ireland

BELFAST. September 5, International Ulster Grand Prix Motorcycle Race; *30*, Royal Ulster Agricultural Show.

CURRAGH. September 15–17, Irish St. Leger Horse Races.

DUBLIN. August 4–7, Horse Show; *8–16*, Tailteann Games, Golf Championship.

COUNTY MAYO. July 26, Pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick.

Scotland

BRAEMAR. September 10, Royal Braemar Highland Gathering.

BRIDGE OF ALLAN. August 1, Highland Games.

GLASGOW. July 20, Scottish Amateur Golf Championship Matches at Prestwick.

INVERNESS. September 17–18, Highland Games.

ST. ANDREWS. August 11–15, Eden Golf Tournament.

Switzerland

BASEL. August 15–September 27, Matisse Exhibition.

BERN. July 24–27, Swiss Music Festival; *July 24–September 20*, First Swiss Exhibition of Hygienics and Sports.

GENEVA. September 7, Opening of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

INTERLAKEN. August 31, Dutch Fête; *September 6–10*, Congress of the International Union for Psychoanalysis.

OUCHY. September 12–27, Twelfth Swiss Fair of Agriculture and Food Industries.

LUGANO. September 12, Venetian Night Fête on the Lake.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

burst by the author of *The Decline of the West*. Also of unusual interest is the essay on Freud by Alfred Döblin, who is one of the most important young novelists in Germany. The Viking Press is bringing out in September his most important novel, *Alexanderplatz, Berlin*. Watch for it.

TWO political portraits from the *Journal de Genève* outline the careers of two important European statesmen. The Paris correspondent of that exceptionally well informed paper depicts Paul Doumer, the new President of France, as a 'conscientious worker with no remarkable gifts but with a background of colonial experience that has given him a very different conception of French foreign policy from that of M. Briand. William Martin, the foreign editor of the same newspaper, then describes Count Bethlen's ten years in office as Premier of Hungary. No other European chief of state since the War has held office for so long a time without interruption.

WE DO not subscribe unreservedly to the ingenious theory advanced by Mr. F. H. Donner, a Dutch seafarer, prophesying the next war. Drawing his inspiration from a map devised in 1906 by an unnamed Anglo-Indian, he predicts that the next war will occur in the Pacific and warns the white race to beware of Japan. Last month we presented a strongly pro-Japanese article by a Frenchman, so that this one restores the balance, but it is impossible to believe that any nation of human beings possesses the great capacity for intrigue that Mr. Donner assigns to the Japanese. But do not miss his article, as it is great fun to read.

THERE are those who believe that any eventual conflict between East and West will be sharpened by the Western ideas that have been introduced, chiefly through missionaries, to the Orient. Leo Matthias, writing from Beirut in Syria, where both the Jesuits and the Americans maintain colleges, describes the local background and then points out the specific damage done by a European education, which often turns the Oriental against his own people.

MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN has edited a new collection of letters by Keats which the Oxford University Press is publishing. A leading essay on the subject in the *Times Literary Supplement* emphasizes the preference constantly expressed by Keats for a life of 'sensations' rather than one of thoughts. The author of the essay remains, as usual, anonymous, but the reputation of the medium for which he writes is more than sufficient to establish his authority.

WATCH Germany. Many Americans believe that Russia is the most important country in the world right now, but the next six months in Germany are likely to have far more effect on all of us than the next six years in Russia because Germany's problems are similar to our own and Germany is an important part of the world credit system. A British visitor describes some of the dangerous tendencies that are threatening the nation's cultural life as a result of political and economic upheaval.

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WAR AND PEACE

I DON'T fear what peoples will say and think about us if we can but reach a disarmament agreement. I am not afraid that in this country or in that they will complain that their national sacrifices have been too great. My doubts and fears are these: that peoples will not understand the chance that lies before them, that they will not grasp the opportunity they have been given to fulfill, the purpose which they all desire, that they will not make their governments understand that their delegations to the conference cannot be too bold and that they cannot go too far to suit their nations. My only fear is that nations will not show their governments in time that they can count upon their support for all reductions, however drastic, to which the conference may agree.—*Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Minister.*

Never since the World War has the international situation appeared as grave as to-day. We have arrived at a critical stage in the crusade against war, and the most resolute pacifists—among whom I count myself—are beginning to wonder if the foundation of a new order is humanly possible.—*Edouard Herriot, former Premier of France.*

If either the military or the money barons maintain control, man cannot rise higher than the fodder level—cannon fodder for the machines, on the battlefield or in the factory. If I had to choose I should choose the primeval jungle to that which awaits a godless civilization armed with the full resources of rifled nature.—*Arthur Hird, in an address before the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches of England.*

I believe M. Aristide Briand to be the greatest constructive statesman in Europe to-day. He has seen the futility of the old system and has understood that the maintenance of the ancient feud between the German and the Gaul must, with modern methods of destruction, ultimately mean the annihilation of both of these great peoples.—*Frederic R. Coudert, New York attorney.*

I do not agree that there is any cause for alarm in the appearance of this new German pocket Dreadnought, but she has upset the apple cart of several foreign naval staffs. The reason is that under the artificial restrictions, which were never accepted in spirit, the Germans have wasted an immense amount of money in building this freak in order to keep within the letter of the peace treaty.—*Lieutenant Commander J. M. Kenworthy, British Member of Parliament.*

War is coming and coming in the form of Brother Briand's preventive war. Munich firms that have close connections in France already have received warning from the French capital not to undertake long-term obligations, for the fighting will begin in July. And, as the war of 1914–18 exceeded all others in frightfulness, so will this next exceed that last, no matter what side Germany takes.—*General Erich Ludendorff of Germany.*

I have the strongest doubts as to the utility of peace propaganda, peace speeches, and work on behalf of peace. It would be infinitely better if we were to take peace for granted—to cease these purely negative speculations, and to adopt a positive and constructive programme. Much of what has been done hitherto has had this negative character. It is not to be denied that some of the verbal and mystical accomplishments of the past few years were historically necessary. Thus the Locarno Pact and the Kellogg Pact gave timely assurances to the world. They are not unreservedly accepted by everybody—or perhaps by anybody—and the nations are still asking for more and more assurances; but in so far as they served to soothe frayed international nerves they deserve all the praise that has been lavished upon them. Yet they do not take us on to the main road; they merely contain a promise that we do not mean to slip back. They doubtless help in some measure to keep the world steady; but it is now time, after these negative performances, to proceed to positive operations.—*Sisley Huddleston, former Paris correspondent of the 'New Statesman.'*

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